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# THE YAHOO;

## A SATIRICAL RHAPSODY.

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Γνωθι Σεαυτον.

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VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

"From what I have gathered from your own relation," said the King, "and the answers I have, with much pains, wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little, odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

*Gulliver's Travels.*

"My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal a perfect human figure."—*Ibid.*

"Where knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail."—*Lord Byron.*

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THE YTHOG

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## PREAMBLE.

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"O world! buzzard world! when wilt thou come out of thine infancy, and assume a beard, and a mind worthy of that beard! Learn to despise long coats; reject thy leaders and leading strings; stand upon thine own legs; be of age; look round thee, and distinguish truth and freedom from restraint and disguises."—*Dissertation upon Old Women.*

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Thus apostrophized Thomas Gordon, a century ago; and can we pronounce the *Buzzard* to be much wiser at present, and in a condition to cast off its leading strings and long coats; or (to continue the metaphor) able to dispense with its go-cart and slaving-bib! That the world is very silly, considering its age, has been observed long since; which, however, is not much to be wondered at, when we recollect what great care is taken to perpetuate ignorance, and eradicate from the mind of youth every natural and rational idea, and to substitute in lieu the most nonsensical and stupifying metaphysical jargon, by which the mind becomes so contaminated,\*

\* "Sa conception était d'autant plus vive et plus nette, que son enfance n'ayant point été chargée des inutilités et des sottises qui accablent la notre, les choses entraient dans sa cervelle sans nuage—N'ayant rien appris dans son enfance, il n'avait point appris de préjugés. Son entendement n'ayant point été courbé par l'erreur était

that, under the name of religion, the horrible and cannibal idea of eating and drinking the "body and blood" of the deity they worship,\* and to whom they address their supplications, so far from exciting horror, is set down as the first and most important duty of a Christian YAHOO!

We now live in an *enlightened age*!—what a consoling and heart-warming consideration!—where the *intellect* is *spread* out like an apothecary's plaister, and the *mind marches* on with the strides of a Captain Bobadil, or a Major Sturgeon; and every poor scribbler is sufficiently "up to snuff" to know that if he wishes for pudding or praise, or is desirous of eating apple-tarts and cream with the maids of honour, or venison and custard with the Lord Mayor, he must glide quietly on with the stream, and be careful how he hints, in the most remote manner, at the follies and vices of the Corinthian order.

demeuré dans toute sa rectitude. Il voyait les choses comme elles sont, au lieu que les idées qu'on nous donne dans l'enfance nous les font voir toute nôtre vie comme elles me sont point."†—*L'Ingenu*.

\* "And here we drink our Saviour's blood."—*Watts's Hymns*. This, it is pretended, is only typical, &c.; but even when considered in that light, the bare idea is enough to put a Cherokee or a Hottentot to the blush, as the very quintessence of cannibalism.

† See the excellent First Lecture of Miss Frances Wright on this important subject in the "Free Enquirer."



The most distant allusion to their depravity will be deemed jacobinism; the slightest observations on the damning creed of Athanasius, blasphemy, and atheism, and rational remarks on the so much admired fustian in heroics,\* or cat-lap namby-pamby of "Peter and his Ass," will stamp him a low-lived Goth, and totally disqualify him for ever associating with the be-whiskered dandies and painted dolls in high life. All he could then expect would be the reward of the poor poet, as described by Pope—a garret with broken windows, and half a peck of coals; or to be admitted as a member of Foote's squad of scribblers, and start fair with them for their mess of milk-porridge at breakfast time.

READING PUBLIC, (to adopt the fashionable slang, but who seem to read to little purpose,) ten thousand pens are worn and wearing to the stumps, working day

\* See the "Ode on the Battle of Waterloo," where "Carnage" is "God's daughter," among other instances of the "sublime and beautiful;" and poor Peter's donkey's brotherly three groans, in the slop-dawdle way; with "Betty Foy," the "toothless mastiff bitch," &c. &c., all which, after being properly daubed over by *learned* and *impartial* reviewers, were purchased with avidity by an *intelligent* READING PUBLIC, to their great edification and delight.

A lady, who was purchasing a collection of books, asked Dr. Johnson whether she should be guided in the selection by the reviews. "By all means, madam," replied the doctor, "they will serve you as an infallible guide; purchase all they revile, but none that they praise, and you will be sure to be right."—*Colton's Hypocrisy.*

and night in procuring wherewithal to glut thy insatiate and ravenous maw,\* and, with a very few exceptions, with the same sort of mawkish stuff; one scribbler following another in the same dull beaten track, like horses in a team, as Parson Hickeringill observest—“one’s nose in t’other’s tail,” all singing to the same tune; the parrot-like gabble, and the cuckoo’s dull note; everlastingly bellowing forth in praise of the “powers that be;” blarneying with fulsome panegyric the “best of Kings;”† an illustrious Nobility;§ the pure and

\* “The many-headed beast is a foul feeder,” says Dr. Mouthey,\* and the doctor is very right, as appears by its feeding on such filthy *grub* as Lot and his daughters; ‘Zekel’s *battered bun*; and the two Brims, whose “teats of virginity were bruised,” &c. (Ezekiel xxiii.) besides gorging every *Lord’s-day* on the “*bloody-sweat*” of the Lamb.

Now let us suppose a Lord Fopdoodle, or a Sir Dilberry Diddle, who had hurried to be in time at a grand dinner-party of Corinthians, of the highest class, should arrive in a state of perspiration, wiping his phiz, and exclaiming that he was in a “bloody sweat;” what a consternation and turning up of eyes it would occasion! with the stamp of “downright blackguard” on his character for ever after.

† “Pillars of Priestcraft.”

‡ Yes, and as wise as good!—See P. Pindar’s account of the *royal* dead mutton sent to Fleet-market for sale! and of the more than Paul Pry curiosity to discover the seam in the apple-dumpling; with other Solomon-like specimens of profound sagacity in the late money-scraping, church-going SHEEPY O AMERICANUS.

§ Titles were offered to the leading members of Congress, as a lure, during the American war; in answer to which Dr. Franklin

\* Southey’s Colloquies.

sapient Collective;\* the glorious Constitution; with the never-enough-to-be-praised British Nation; as pre-eminent in virtue, courage, humanity,† charity, and every

replies—"Peerages! Alas, sir! our long observation of the vast servile majority of your peers voting constantly for every measure proposed by a minister, however weak or wicked, leaves us little respect for them."—*Franklin's Correspondence*.

"A parliament of knaves and sots,

Members by name you must not mention,

He keeps in pay, and buys their votes,

With here a place, and there a pension."

*Lord Rochester.*

"You will receive herewith" (says Frederick II., in a letter to D'Alembert, during the American war) "the remedy which you request for the hydrophobia, or bite of mad dogs. The medicine has performed wonderful cures, and I would recommend that it should be sent to the English parliament; its members act like a legion of lunatics."—*Belsham's History of England*.

† *British* humanity is the eternal cry with which we are deafened; and, indeed, whenever a subscription has been set on foot for the poor *Dutch*, poor *Swiss*, distressed *Germans*, or other foreigners, with a recommendation from royalty, a considerable sum has always been raised; but when four or five hundred poor creatures, their own dear Britons, were cut to pieces, and trampled under the iron hoofs of horses, indiscriminately, men, women, and children, by infuriated, half drunken savages, who had their sabres sharpened expressly for the butchery, and the distress and horror it might have been supposed would have excited general compassion among a people self-styled the very quintessence of humanity, and *true Christian* "milk of human kindness," a yell of barbarous exultation was set up; and a cry of "serve'em right" was heard from Cornwall to the Orkney



other good quality : every third page of their luminous productions larded (like a round of beef with gobbets of fat bacon) with “ the Lord’s goodness,” the “ blessing of Heaven, Divine Providence, a precious Redeemer, the Most High,” &c. &c., not forgetting “ the inestimable treasure of the holy scriptures, which excel-

islands, among the *genteel* classes of toad-eaters and lick-spittles, in consequence of the blood-hounds receiving the thanks of the . . . . for their heroic exploits.\* A subscription was set on foot for the relief of such as survived, as well as for the widows and orphans of the murdered, and a few hundred pounds raised, principally by the “*swinish multitude*,” in their clubs and societies, as it was considered disgraceful in the *quality* line to contribute ! Talk of *British* humanity!! Shame, where is thy blush ! What compassion was shown toward poor Byrne, who was imprisoned and cruelly whipt, for accusing (and justly) a stinking beast of a bishop of an unnatural crime ; and who, afterward, when detected, got *off*, having a snivelling lord for his brother, as well as the interest of the church, who do not like *such* affairs to be brought to light among the daddies of the lord.— Humanity!! Who ever interfered in behalf of Mrs. and Miss Carlile, and Mrs. Wright, while suffering in loathsome prisons, for their integrity and virtuous advocacy of truth ? Who commiserated the dreadful state of the unfortunate Ogden, when expiring in jail, under the torments of a rupture ? Did not the spouting cock of the walk set the whole kennel of collectives in a roar of laughter, by adverting to the sufferings of the “*revered and ruptured*” Ogden ? Humanity ! Pshaw ! Twaddle ! Fudge ! Old Nick is humane to his favourite imps, no doubt.

\* This horrible affair, which was promoted and directed by two *parsons*, was discussed in the upper kennel, when 159 most NOBLE lords voted their approbation.— See Belsham’s *Memoirs of George III.* vol. 2, page 289.

leth all the treasures of the earth," (as the translators of the Jew book told the *brutish* Solomon in their dedication,) with other fear-the-lord-like gibberish, of a similar quality.

"Whatever is, is right," is the cry of the kennel, consequently there can be nothing wrong; and when a THURTELL, or a CORDER, swing off in fine style from the new drop, are they not assured by the Reverend Mr. Diddleum, that after they have repented of their sins, and received absolution, they will mount up to the regions of bliss, be welcomed by the angelic host, and occasion great rejoicing in heaven? \* Does not this prove incontestably that "all is for the best," and that "whatever is, is right?"

"The man whose soul the blackest vices taint,  
For Heav'n's *glory* makes a damn'd good saint."

*Peter Pindar.*

"Repent then all ye rogues, ye'll be forgiven,  
And give the saints a holiday in heaven."

And surely we must acknowledge this to be a most consoling, as well as an encouraging, doctrine for thieves and cut-throats, who ought to felicitate themselves on

\* "I say unto you that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons which need no repentance."—Luke xv.

an airing when he pleases, and even trot up stairs on levee-days, strutting about like a crow in a gutter, and gossiping with the great Jehovah "en famille."—Job i.

Those "whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth," we are told, "and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;" therefore the more we are drubbed the more thankful we ought to be, and the more convinced of his loving-kindness; but, unfortunately, we are sometimes at a loss to ascertain whether it is by the rod of the Lord, or by that of the Devil, the stripes are inflicted, as the latter was permitted to give poor Job, who was an "upright man, and feared the Lord," a confounded whacking;\* so that it seems the Lord punishes us for our wickedness, and the Devil for our good qualities! Bravo! This is being between anvil and hammer with a vengeance! But if all's for the best, and every thing right, why should we grumble? If we are to be bundled into hell, let us eat our pudding, and hold our tongues, and make the best of a bad bargain; it's all what pleases the Lord, or it would not be, and we ought to thank God for every thing—as an old Fogrum used to

\* Poor Job! he might well lament that he "came out of the belly."  
—Job iii.

be continually telling her unlucky cub of a grandson, who one day came running in crying, "Don't you say we should thank God for every thing, Granny?"—"Yes, to be sure, my dear," says she. "Well then," says Dick, "I've tumbled down with the basket of eggs you bid me carry to goody Grump, and they're all smashed."—"You unlucky brat," cries poor Granny, "I've a good mind to lug your ears."—"Why, I thought," cries Dick, "we were to thank God for every thing; but that's not all, for our cow's dead, and is lying on the common; so there's something else to thank God for, besides the broken eggs, Granny."

"To live in society," says an intelligent writer,\* "we must sympathize with it; but no sympathy can subsist between the knaves and fools, who are playing the game of 'make-believe,' and quarrelling over the stakes, and the *desabusé* who sees through their trickery, and despises its objects. There is no disguising from the cool eye of philosophy, that all living creatures exist in a state of natural warfare; and that man (in hostility with all) is at enmity also with his own species—man is the natural enemy of man; and society, unable to change his nature, succeeds but in establishing a hollow truce, by

\* In the *New Monthly Magazine*.



which fraud is substituted for violence. The honestest and the boldest man must hide a good half of his thoughts, if he would not be lodged between four walls, or interdicted *ab aqua et igni*. He who has not the courage to encounter a mass of evil, must pass through life with a bridle perpetually on his tongue. He must hear with a becoming gravity the words honour and patriotism proceeding from the lips of pollution—he must hold law to be synonymous with justice, persecution with tolerance, general pauperism with national prosperity, priestcraft with piety, and plunder with loyalty and religion.”

Hobbes affirms the state of nature to be a state of war; and in what does that of civilized life differ, except that it is carried on under a masked battery? One YAHOO will always covet the luxuries and superfluities of another, of which he is himself destitute (whatever he may pretend to the contrary), in spite of the interdictions of Porteusian Bibles,\* or canting tracts of

\* The YAHOO, it seems, is now ashamed of the filthy language of his *holy* Bible, which is at present filtering through ecclesiastical strainers to clarify it for the godly! This is at least an indication of a *spread*. But is it not to be lamented that the emasculated parts, or luscious exuberances of the *holy* scripture, (to say nothing of the castration of Gibbon and Shakspeare) should be thus lost? Would it not

“ Christ and a crust,” &c. with which he is glutted till the “ gorge rises,” and but to little purpose.\* Commandments from the Decalogue may be solemnly mouthed out by the priest, forbidding the YAHOO to “ covet his neighbour’s goods,” and children told that they must not hanker after the cherries or toys of their playfellows; all which are as scrupulously attended to, and with as much effect as proclamations would by hungry mastiffs, forbidding them to covet each other’s horse-flesh. And is not the same selfish or envious disposition shown even in factitious wants? One YAHOO, of the higher class, will envy another who has obtained permission from the master of

be advisable to collect and publish them under the title of “ TID-BITS for GODLY GORMANDIZERS” as a kind of spiritual *Lamb’s-Fry*? (Car-lile can furnish a penny list for selection), for the benefit of delicate ladies, who might thus learn, among other holy matters, on what account admission was refused to the “ congregation of the Lord.”—Deut. xxiii. The time is undoubtedly approaching when this nauseous and disgusting book will be carefully excluded from every decent family, in spite of the parsons, who are working night and day (like devils upon a mud wall) to support it. That such demoralizing trash should be considered as essential to the poor YAHOO’s salvation, affords a decided proof of the *superiority* of his intellect, so much boasted of!

\* “ The Report of the committee for inquiring into the cause of the increase of commitments and convictions in London and Middlesex, states, that notwithstanding all we hear of schools, and the progress of education, juvenile depravity was never so unlimited in degree, or so desperate in character.”—*Southey’s Colloquies*.

the puppet-show, to paint a fool's bauble on the panels of his booby-hutch, or stitch it on the corner of his mucus wrappers and scullion's dishclouts, to which he thinks he has a better pretension himself.

“All envy power in others, and complain  
Of that which they would perish to obtain.”\*

And, as was observed by Sir Robert Walpole, that by obliging one friend he was certain to create a dozen enemies. Such is the loving-kindness of Christian YAHOOs to each other, though taught to love their neighbours as themselves! but they are all tarred with the same brush, and play the same game in their turn.

Some author has observed, that it is to be lamented, the great Jehovah, after proving the incorrigibility of the YAHOO race, by sousing them all (with the exception of eight, whose offspring proved no better), like so many puppies in a horse-pond, and smiting, and “swearing in his wrath,” did not create a fresh batch, free from the defects of their Adamite progenitors,† instead of sending his only-begotten Son as a sacrifice, in company with

\* Churchill.

† Much crime and misery would have been avoided in this “best of all possible worlds,” if the great Jehovah, when he *dabbed* up the YAHOO, had clapped a bell or clicker within him, which should have given the alarm whenever he told a lie. There would then have been but little want of law and gospel.



a ghost (one to milk a ram and the other to hold the pail), and all for what? *cui bono*? for although the said Ghost fills the paunch, or the sconce, no matter which; of every Reverend Prig to this very day, and without doubt inspires him to sputter forth his godly jabber;\* the poor YAHOOs remain lost muttons, and continue to be trundled wholesale and retail into the tithe-barn of the OLD ONE.

But is it not very extraordinary and inconceivable, that the only-begotten Son, aided by the Ghost, and under the guidance or superintendence of the Father, in their soul-saving mission, sent expressly to take away the sins of the world,† should have succeeded no better? Three to one, they say, are odds at foot-ball; and who could suppose in such a contest they would come off second best, and leave the grim fiend triumphant, to snap his black fingers, and laugh at their ineffectual ef-

\* This Ghost, it appears, first exhibited himself "as the sound of a mighty rushing wind," (an odd way for a ghost!) and settled in the shape of, "fiery cloven tongues" on the jobbernols of a set of lazy lubbers, who, instead of minding their fishing-tackle and leather-dressing, went about the highway *Maw-worming*! But how do the parsons of the present day contrive to get so full of this ghost, by whom they affirm they are called on to spout? We see no "fiery tongues" on their lumber-garrets, though we hear them from their "*tater traps*," as Paddy terms them, denouncing hell-fire to all unbelievers, and such as dare pry into their holy pilfering mysteries.

† "O! Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world."

forts to rescue the YAHOO from his clutches (which they themselves admit),\* and to continue in his career, “going about like a roaring lion,” (oh! that it were a Piccadilly one, that we might laugh at his braying!) and “seeking whom he may devour?”

But “why Goramity no kill devil?” as Friday said to his master, “Goramity all good, all strong?” Ah, why, indeed! poor Crusoe was sadly puzzled, and wished he had had a bishop at his elbow to answer the poor ignorant savage. Whence has the ugly rascal so much power? Is it not astonishing, after the repeated attempts of the *Lamb* and Co. (his delegates here on earth), to rescue the poor YAHOO from his claws, by bugaboo visitations, Bible-poring, tract-snuffling, and hymn-singing,† as well as by catechising, churching, confirm-

\* See the note p. xv.ii.

† The following are specimens of the godly cat-lap the saints regale the Lord with in their gospel-shops:—

“What is now to children the dearest thing here?

To be the *Lamb's* lambkins, and chickens most dear.

Such lambkins are nourish'd with food which is best;

Such chickens sit safely and warm in their nest.

And when Satan at an hour,

Comes our chickens to devour;

Let the children's angel say,

These are Christ's chicks, go thy way.”

*Southey's Life of Wesley.*

See more of this stuff in the *Bath Guide*, p. 57; with an excellent parody, p. 129.

ing, and *parsonizing*, in every way possible, that he should still continue in a state of sin! Is it with “filthy lucre” and the “mammon of unrighteousness” that Satan lures the precious soul of the YAHOO from the *narrow* path to the *broad* way, which leadeth to the bottomless pit? Yea, verily, it looketh very like it, for *that* the WICKED ONE knoweth full well to be a never-failing bait, and holdeth it up before the peepers of such as are not strong in the Lord Jesus; even as the recruiting-sergeant holdeth up a *shiner* to tempt the bumpkin to cast aside his smock-frock and become a gentleman.—And when do our spiritual pastors and masters, who are eternally croaking about the “depravity of the heart,” and the corruptive quality of riches, ever renounce them if they are possibly come-at-able? “*Tant que la fortune, les honneurs, et le vice seront d’un côté, la pauvreté, l’abandon, et la vertu de l’autre, le choix des hommes ne sera pas douteux. On pourra vivre dans le vice, sans vivre dans l’opprobre, on pourra même se perdre pour une bonne action: mais il y aura un culte public, et ce culte fleurira au milieu des mauvaises mœurs, comme une plante parasite sur un tronc pourri.*”\*

\* “Letter from the Marquis de Rivarol to M. Necker.”

“If our tongues correspond with our hearts,” says Dean Swift, “men will avoid our company, because their faults will not be complimented; and if the *heart* and *tongue* do not agree, we must certainly have a very mean opinion of ourselves, if we have the least notion of *honesty*; nevertheless it is so necessary in life, that it has become an *art*. He that can make his *countenance* applaud an object though his heart despises it, is what is called a *well-bred* man, a polite gentleman, and one who knows the world.”

The following *petit ouvrage* was composed at different times, from observations of the prevailing follies and vices, and irrational conduct of the “lords of reason;” the greatest part many years since, as may be supposed by the allusion to Master Betty, the Cock Lane ghost, &c. It was not intended for the press, but scribbled merely as a matter of amusement, in a profound retirement, far from the metropolis, and is now brought by accident before the READING PUBLIC for their recreation in this “march of mind,” and “spread of intellect” era; not with any view to profit, as may readily be imagined, but rather in the full persuasion that by ninety-nine out of every hundred of the enlightened and intelligent YAHOO race, the author will be consigned,



*sans façon*, to the fiery lake of the Black Prince. This must naturally be expected : very few are pleased when their vices and absurdities are held up to derision ; especially their darling superstitious practices of hocus-pocus, mumbo-jumbo, and fee-faw-fum ; that being by church logic a “ sin against the Holy Ghost,” and never to be forgiven. The “*Odium Theologicum*,” which, as Mr. Lawrence justly observes, is the “ most concentrated essence of rancour and animosity,” is sure to be vomited forth against all such productions as militate against their usurpations, and expose their mountebank jugglery : for the same reason that police-officers are execrated and fired at by a banditti of thieves when molested in the exercise of *their* profession. This, indeed, is not to be wondered at, agreeing with *Square’s* “ rule of right and fitness of things.” Caw me, caw thee, and *vice versa*, curry me, curry thee.

But there is another tribe whose malevolence is conspicuous upon such occasions, who are paid, as well as the former class, for the venom they spit forth, and whose slander and scurrility is directed against every one whose principles are suspected of being inimical to the “ powers that be,” whether of the Lord Jesus or the Lord of Hell, who, as Lord Byron observes, “ feed

by lying and slandering, and slake their thirst by evil speaking," who skulk in the dark, and like an hydra, or many-headed monster, begin hissing and barking at those who express their disapprobation of the follies and vices of the higher orders, many of whom are notorious for their apostacy, and obtain laureat-ships, and monuments in cathedrals,\* from their dereliction of truth

\* The great *Moralist*, or *Rex porcorum*, it was confidently reported, during the American war, and soon after he "changed his coat, and would have changed his skin," (as Lord Byron says of the Laureat) was engaged in drawing up inflammatory addresses to the Negro slaves in the southern states, instigating them to set fire to their master's plantations, and go over to the British army, where they would be protected and rewarded! At that time, Paddy Burke, one of the chiefs in the gang of apostates, was such a violent enemy to royalty, that he proposed in the collective a reduction of the kingly power, even in the article of guttling! And in later days have we not *Wat Tyler* staring us in the face, among other barefaced instances of *sop-in-the-pan* hunters! who have totally disregarded character and principle? But

"The silver turnip's tempting skin,  
Draws such base hogs thro' thick and thin."

Or, as Churchill observes,

"Convinced, I changed, (can any man do more?  
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?)  
Changed, I at once, (can any man do less?)  
Without a single blush, that change confess;  
Confess it with a manly kind of pride,  
And quit the losing for the winning side."

and principle ;\* possessing supple “*wha wants me*” sort of consciences, and who are ready for any dirty work at the nod of their employers : such have hissed and barked at Gibbon, Dr. Wolcot, Horace Walpole, Lady Morgan, Lord Byron, and other writers of distinguished abilities ; but they are paid for their work, and it’s all one to such hirelings whether they labour in the Lord’s vineyard or the Devil’s.

That we live in a vitiated age (notwithstanding the so much boasted “spread and stream of intellect”), and that a general corruption has taken place, and rendered morals a laughing-stock, is notorious and universally admitted ; but then we are blessed with a superabundance of godliness, alias cant,† to qualify it and make amends : every pious swindler now can let off half a dozen gospel squibs in your face, about Paul’s snipping off a bit of

\* “Oh for a world, in principle as chaste

As this is gross and selfish ; over which

Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,

That govern all things here, should’ring aside

The meek and modest truth, and forcing her

To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife

In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men.’ —*Cowper*.

† It is rather remarkable that all official ecclesiastical documents, hatched and cuddled into shape at Lambeth, should be signed by the grand Humbug, CANT ! It is a curious coincidence, and certainly very appropriate.



poor Tim's trapstick,\* and such holy stuff, and give you chapter and verse, like Cuddy's mother in the "Tales of my Landlord," while he is drawing the watch or handkerchief out of your pocket.

"Such is the modern *apostolic* race,  
Reform'd, regenerated rogues of *grace*—  
Who sigh for heaven, yet God in *mammon* see,  
And pick a pocket on the suppliant knee;  
One eye to God, lamenting moral evil,  
The other winking down upon the devil:  
One voice to Heav'n, "To good my heart incline!"  
And one in whispers, "Satan I am thine!"

*Peter Pindar.*

And to the same tune singeth Nic,† "Non vi è bisogna che tu abbia tuttè le qualità, che ho detto (religion) ma solamente che tu *mostri* di averle." And again, in speaking on the same topic, he observes, "Ma quest' ultima qualità è quella che importa *piu di ogni altra* di avere *esteriormente*!" This is instruction for a prince! Cant and kingdom come for ever! Amen.

The YAHOO race consists of two classes, the bamboozlers and the bamboozled; the cry of the latter (of the lowest class) is "GIN and JESUS," while that of the upper is "CHURCH and STATE," with a "let well

\* Acts of the Apostles, xvi.

† Machiavelli.

alone." The motto of the knowing ones is, "Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur;" *i. e.*

If humbug'd thus the rabble choose to be,  
 Why let 'em, since it brings the chink to me :  
 There's none so blind as those who will not see.

}

"Oh Dio mio!" said a recent pope, after giving the apostolical blessing to fifty or sixty thousand persons from the balcony of St. Peter's church, on Easter Sunday, the troops gaping to receive it, and the multitude all on their marrow-bones, the cannons roaring and bells jingling, "Oh Dio mio! quanto è facile di coglionare le gente!"\*

The mob who stand gaping at the cup and ball juggler, are as much delighted as Mr. Lickpenny, who pockets their contributions; as Hudibras observes—

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
 In being cheated as to cheat."

READING PUBLIC, shouldst thou relish the above preamble, *en avant*, there's more Sour Krout for thee, and  
 BUON PRO VI, FACIA.

\* Forsyth's Travels.

poor Tim's trapstick,\* and such holy stuff, and give you chapter and verse, like Cuddy's mother in the "Tales of my Landlord," while he is drawing the watch or handkerchief out of your pocket.

"Such is the modern *apostolic* race,  
Reform'd, regenerated rogues of *grace*—  
Who sigh for heaven, yet God in *mammon* see,  
And pick a pocket on the suppliant knee;  
One eye to God, lamenting moral evil,  
The other winking down upon the devil:  
One voice to Heav'n, "To good my heart incline!"  
And one in whispers, "Satan I am thine!"

Peter Pindar.

And to the same tune singeth Nic,† "Non vi è bisogna che tu abbia tuttè le qualità, che ho detto (religion) ma solamente che tu *mostri* di averle." And again, in speaking on the same topic, he observes, "Ma quest' ultima qualità è quella che importa *piu di ogni altra* di avere *esteriormente*!" This is instruction for a prince! Cant and kingdom come for ever! Amen.

The YAHOO race consists of two classes, the bamboozlers and the bamboozled; the cry of the latter (of the lowest class) is "GIN and JESUS," while that of the upper is "CHURCH and STATE," with a "let well

\* Acts of the Apostles, xvi.

† Machiavelli.

alone." The motto of the knowing ones is, "Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur;" *i. e.*

If humbugg'd thus the rabble choose to be,  
 Why let 'em, since it brings the chink to me :  
 There's none so blind as those who will not see.

}

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## AUTHORITIES.

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“For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them, as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; all go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.”—Eccles. iii.

“For the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward.”—Ibid. ix.

“Nevertheless, man being in honour abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish.”—Psalm xlix.

“So he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house.”—Job ix.

“So man lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.”—Job xiv.

“He shall perish for ever like his own dung.”—Ibid. xx.

“We are all as an unclean thing.”\*—Isaiah lxiv.

“What is man that he should be clean? how much more abominable and filthy is man.”—Job xv.

“For the imagination of man’s heart is evil from his youth.”—Gen. viii.

“The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.”

“Why died I not from the womb? why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly? For now should I have lain still and been quiet; I should have slept: then had I been at rest.”—Job iii.

“Understand, ye brutish among the people; and ye fools, when will ye be wise?”—Psalm xciv.†

“Every man is brutish by his own knowledge.”—Jerem. li.

\* What that is may be found out in Deuteronomy xxiii.

† Never while they read Bibles.



## ERRATA.

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- P. xvi. line 8 from the bottom, for *the* read *he*.  
xx. line 14 ditto for p. xv. read xvii.  
xxvii. line 2 ditto for *Facia* read *Faccia*.  
P. 25, line 451, dele the — and add ;  
27, transfer the \* from line 482 to 479.  
29, line 501, dele the — and place a comma.  
40, line 6 from the bottom, for *errant* read *arrant*.  
45, line 7 from the bottom, Isaiah xxxvi., dele the continuation of the line, and line 6.  
55, line 924, dele the ? after *Moses*.  
69, line 14 from the bottom, for *Homer*, 11, 18, read *ibid.*  
73, line 14 from the bottom, dele the comma after *quel*.  
81, line 1316, for *Mudlark's* read *Mudlarks*.  
93, line 12 from the bottom, for *vassals* read *vessels*.  
107, line 1787, for *these* read *those*.  
127, line 2048 and 9 in parenthesis; line 2052, after *chins*, add a period instead of the comma; lines 2053, 4, 5, and 6, in parenthesis.

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# THE YAHOO.

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“De tous les animaux qui s’elevent dans l’air,  
Qui marchent sur la terre, ou nagent dans la mer,  
De Paris au Pérou, du Japon jusqu’à Rome,  
Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c’est l’homme.”—*Boileau*.

---

“Could I but choose what flesh and blood I’d wear,  
I’d be a dog, a monkey, or a bear;  
Or any thing but that vain animal,  
Who is so proud of being rational.”—*Lord Rochester*.

---

So sung Boileau, when Louis, styled the Great,  
Kept up his court of profligates in state :  
So Wilmot sung in Charles’s vicious reign ;\*  
And is there now less reason to complain ?  
The race is much improved we’re told—’tis true ;  
It is improved—in vice and folly too : †  
From bad to worse, whatever is pretended,  
As ale that’s sour in sultry weather’s mended.

\* “His court the dissolute and hateful school  
Of wantonness, where vice was taught by rule.”—*Cowper*.

† “Such now are held as nothing.—We begin  
Where our sires ended, and improve in sin ;  
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new  
In vice and folly for our sons to do.”—*Churchill*.

The present "all-accomplish'd" YAHOO breed,  
 May boast their "spread of intellect" indeed. 10  
 The "best of education's" now the word,  
 From tripe and dog's-meat venders, to my lord ;  
 But does this lacker change the YAHOO's nature ?\*  
 Is he not still the same vile, silly creature ?  
 The "spread of intellect," so much his boast,  
 Is but leaf-gold spread on a rotten post.  
 Polish'd he may be, varnish'd high enough,  
 But still 'tis ornament on paltry stuff.  
 Can a Sir-rev. . . . be fragrant made  
 By stirring it about with marmalade ? 20  
 "Then just as much you'll mend the breed," says Quin  
 To Jerry Melford, with malicious grin.†

\* "The boasted knowledge of England," says a certain apostate, "has not sunk deep ; it is like the golden surface of a *lacked* watch, which covers, and but barely covers the base metal. The great mass of the people are as ignorant, and as well contented with their ignorance, as any of the most illiterate nations in Europe ; and even among those who might be expected to know better, it is astonishing how slowly information makes way to any practical utility."—*Letters from Spain*.

N.B.—The above *judicious* remarks were made before the fumes of the sack had reached the pericranium of the laureat, and in the days of his ignorance as well as his wickedness. Bobby sings now to a very different tune. Probably he is indebted for his reformation to a methodist tract, entitled "Spiritual Eye-water for Purlblind Gropers," by which his visual nerve (for he had much to see\*) has been cleansed from republican gum and Wat Tylerism.

† "But when I appealed to Quin, and asked him if he did not think that such an unreserved mixture (of the higher classes with the lower at Bath) would improve the whole mass ? 'Yes,' said he, 'as a

\* ——— "Then purged with euphrasy and rue  
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see."—*Paradise Lost*.

But what says Swift?—"Oh dear," Miss Dawdle cries,  
 "That filthy parson's writings I despise ;  
 Such poor, low, vulgar stuff, is never read  
 By quality, or such as are well-bred."\*  
 Your pardon, Ma'am, a few lines from the Dean,  
*Multum in parvo*, tells you what we mean.

Swift tells us then a cook once try'd to make  
 A certain something into a plum-cake ; 30  
 He mixt it up with eggs, and plums and spice,  
 And candied orange-peel, to make it nice ;  
 Then sugar'd it all o'er to make it sweet,  
 But still he found it wasn't fit to eat :  
 At last, "God rot the nasty mess," he mutter'd,  
 "It isn't worth a fig when cook'd and butter'd ;  
 To mix good things with bad, wiseacres say,  
 Is only throwing your good things away."

plate of marmalade would improve a pan of Sir-rev...ce.'"—  
*Humphrey Clinker*.

\* The works of Swift, Smollett, Fielding, Gay, and even Pope, in consequence of the vast "spread of intellect," are at present considered as low and vulgar, and unfit for the perusal of persons *genteely* brought up, as it is termed, who by everlastingly poring over the frothy novels of the day, larded with "dove-like eyes, long silken eyelashes, graceful attitudes, sylph-like forms, exquisitely fine-formed limbs, graceful-bendings over and sweeping the strings of the harp," &c. &c., have become so highly purified and double-refined in their feelings, that they are almost frightened into fits by any expression of humour. Lord Byron is now scouted, it seems, in what is termed *genteel* society. "Plus les mœurs sont depravés," says Voltaire, with great truth, "plus les expressions deviennent mesurées, on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu. La pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs et s'est réfugiée sur les levres "

Thus, tho' the "best of education's given,  
 There still predominates the native leaven. 40  
 One might define the present polish'd race,  
 An outside virtuous, with an inside base ;  
 Or class'd with quadrupeds, a kind of monkeys,  
 Or ourang-outangs, crost with wolves and donkeys ;\*  
 Whose varied actions analyzed, disclose  
 The hateful nature both of these and those.†  
 The gods, we're told, produced the precious crew  
 To laugh at, when they knew not what to do ;  
 When they were all *ennui'd* with state affairs,  
 To make them merry they would peep down stairs : 50  
 And sure the Tom-fool's actions here on earth,  
 Must cause their godships everlasting mirth.

Who would suppose, to hear him boast his shape,  
 Man bore so great resemblance to an ape ?‡

\* "Read hist'ry thro', in ev'ry page  
 You'll see how men with thoughtless rage,  
 Each other rob, destroy, and burn,  
 To serve a priest's or statesman's turn ;  
 Tho' acting in a diff'rent name,  
 Yet always Asses, much the same."—*Dodsley*.

† "Our race in general," says Horace Walpole, "is pestilently bad and malevolent ;" and Lord Byron seems of the same opinion, since he observes, "that mankind are every where despicable in their different absurdities."—*Letters to Dallas*.

‡ "Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape  
 Comes nearest us in human shape :  
 Like man he imitates each fashion,  
 And malice is his ruling passion."—*Goldsmith*.

"C'est une grand question parmi les Negres," says Voltaire,  
 "s'ils sont descendus des singes, ou si les singes sont Venus d'eux.



The monkey's form is ugly, he'll confess ;  
 But what's his own when undisguised by dress ?  
 Of *elegant* baboons he does not talk,\*  
 Because they do not on their *hind* legs walk ; †  
 But give me pug ; what puppy, tho' from France,  
 Can vie with him in gambol, or in dance ? ‡ 60  
 If you the monkey with the man compare,  
 You'll own the latter dances like a bear.  
 Pug has beside a comfortable coat,  
 But what's the YAHOO's hide worth ? not a groat. §  
 To judge between them fairly he should strip,  
 And show how much he owes to brother Snip.

Nos sages ont dit que l'homme est l'image de Dieu ! Voila une  
 plaisante image de l'Etre eternal ! qu'un nez noir epaté, avec peu ou  
 point d'intelligence."—*Lettres d'Amabel*.

\* This epithet (elegant) is now applied to every whiskered puppy  
 who struts up and down Pall Mall, or in the Park, with a cockade in  
 his hat, by the wishy-washy, catlap novel-writers of the present day,  
 who are, it is true, mostly of the feminine gender, and therefore more  
 excusable.

† " Quelques philosophes ont defini l'homme un singe qui rit,  
 d'autres un animal credule. Cet animal, ajoutent ils, est monté sur  
 deux jambes, a les doigts flexible, des mains adroites : il a beaucoup  
 de besoins, en consequence beaucoup d'industrie. Dailleurs aussi  
 vain et aussi orgueilleux que credule : il pense que la monde est faite  
 pour lui."—*Helvetius*.

‡ " What mortal can like monkeys dance a jig ?  
 What man from bough to bough like jackoo springs ?  
 Ingenious rogue, who twists his tail and swings.

P. Pindar.

§ John Ziska, it is said, desired that after his death a drum might  
 be made of his skin, which he predicted when beat would always  
 terrify his enemies, and occasion them to fly ; " que le succès," says  
 Helvetius, "justifia toujours ;" consequently the Yahoo's hide is good  
 for something.

If he, as to compare he should, appear'd  
 In buff, and with a hideous shaggy beard ;\*  
 With tangled locks, soot-colour'd we'll suppose,  
 Thro' which you just could spy his eyes and nose ; 70  
 Uncomb'd, unwash'd, unlick'd, as he was first,  
 When he was manufactured out of dust ;  
 There's not a creature that has any sense,  
 But what would give poor pug the preference ;  
 Instead of viewing him with fond delight,  
 They'd run as from the devil in a fright ;  
 Yet this conceited, silly, blown-up elf,  
 Affirms Jehovah's made just like himself.†  
 Form'd like his maker ! who could then suppose,  
 To hide the workmanship he'd want small-clothes ?‡ 80

\* As God the Father is always represented with a majestic beard, and has made man in his own image, it may be fairly presumed *Mister Adam* was furnished with this superb ornament to the human phiz. Is it not then in the spirit of contumacy that the *Yahoo* deprives himself of it, upon the supposition that he looks better without it ? At least this was the opinion of the old twaddlers, called "Fathers of the Church." Tertullian observes, that "shaving the beard is a lie against our own faces, and an impious attempt to improve the works of the Creator."—*Gibbon*, chap. xv.

† If God has made man in his own image, says Helvetius, the biped has returned the compliment by making God in *his* ; or, as Voltaire observes—

" C'est que l'homme amoureux de son sot esclavage,  
 Fit dans son préjugés, Dieu même en son image  
 Nous l'avons fait injuste, emporté, vain, jaloux,  
 Seducteur, inconstant, barbare comme nous."

‡ *Small-clothes* and *inexpressibles* are the delicate molly-coddle terms of the dandified, cravat-tying puppies of the present day ; to whom the very sound of the word breeches would inevitably occasion fainting fits, and require an application of the smelling-bottle for their recovery.

Made like a god ! in great Jehovah's shape !  
 Yes, so he would be tho' he were an ape.  
 If monkeys e'er made gods, their *noble* natures  
 Would make them like themselves, with *handsome*  
 features :

See *godlike* YAHOOs their devotions pay,  
 In Cloacina's temple, night and day :  
 The rich, the poor, the humble, and the great,  
 Set in fine attitudes, and—grunt in state.\*  
 Like other *noble* animals, we find  
 He eats, and sleeps, and propagates his kind : 90  
 But then to propagate's so like a beast ;  
 For YAHOO's in Jehovah's form at least :†  
 And tho' God says, "increase and multiply,"  
 About the bus'ness they seem rather shy ;

\* See an illustrative print, called the "State of the Nation," published by Bowles and Co., St. Paul's Church-yard, in which half-a-dozen "lords of the creation," and as many ladies, are exhibited in grand style, pouring out their tributary offerings at the shrine of the goddess.

† It is very extraordinary that the action of reproduction of such a *noble* animal as a *Yahoo*, to which the great Jehovah himself contributes, by furnishing it with a *SOUL*, should be considered as shameful and wicked, (from the "sinful-lusts of the flesh,") while the destruction of thousands of the *noble* race at a batch is highly honourable, and even glorious ! Bolingbroke observes, that from an excess of pride, man avoids every thing that in the least assimilates him to the brute, and consequently gets out of sight for the business of procreation, as well as in some other humiliating actions by which his dignity is lowered, and which place him on the same level with the quadruped.—See *Philosophical Essays*, vol. i. p. 7, and vol. iv. p. 126.

Their females eagerly at times they seek,  
 And then in some dark corner with them sneak.\*  
 Indeed to eat, and drink, and sleep, and propagate,  
 Degrades "God's images" at any rate ;†  
 And with their pride and boasting, but ill suits,  
 As on a level placing them with brutes. 100  
 Made like a god ! what do they then suppose  
 Their god has, like themselves, mouth, eyes, and nose !  
 The bloated biped, arrogant and blind,  
 Has SEX and FORM to Nature's God assign'd !  
 (With bushy beard and genitals, no doubt,  
 How could he ever get a son without ?)  
 Of gender masculine their god must be,  
 And in large letters written HIM and HE.‡  
 Sitting in clouds upon a golden throne,  
 In company with Holy Ghost and Son ; 110  
 While twenty thousand trumpeters sit round him,  
 Whose blasts must surely now and then confound him.  
 Such heaven, without a mistress or a wife,  
 Must be a stupid, muddling sort of life.

\* "None shun the day and seek the shades of night,  
 But those whose actions cannot bear the light."—*Churchill*.

† "Lorsque on voit," says Montaigne, "un chancelier avec sa simarre, sa large peruque, et son air composé, il n'est point de tableau plus plaisante a se faire, que de se peindre ce même chancelier sur la chaise-percée, ou consommant l'œuvre de mariage."

‡ In the present rage of fanatical cant, these pronouns are always written in large or marked characters, in the trashy productions with which we are inundated ; but a N. B. should be added, to instruct the reader to turn up his eyes to the ceiling ; and also to cross himself, (as a Methodist does at the mention of the devil,) whenever these representatives of the great Jehovah stare him in the face.



Oh ! what a DEITY ! give me old Jove,  
 With all his jolly company above ;  
 And not this gloomy being, with his clerk,  
 To watch what Yahoos do when in the dark ;  
 And write down whether they all fast and pray,\*  
 Or eat a sprat on such and such a day. 120  
 If to your maker *gender* must be given,  
 Why not a *female* power reside in heaven ?  
 Tho' many vices taint the female breast,  
 They're not so gross as man's—tho' bad's the best.  
 'Tis not in virtue, or superior sense ;  
 In brutal strength consists man's excellence.  
 Is there a difference of sex in mind ?  
 Those who affirm it must be gravel-blind.  
 In wit, in genius, and perception true,  
 There's not a straw to choose between the two. 130  
 Yet Eve stands foremost in the first-made couple,  
 By mustering courage up to eat the apple ;†  
 While *Mister* Adam, like a sneaking cur,  
 Ate afterward, and laid the blame on her.

\* What delectable employment for a Deity, to be eternally watching such contemptible grubs in all their silly and wicked actions night and day ! And what *heavenly* gratification to behold 40 or 50,000 animals upon two stumps, (to say nothing of the horses, they poor things are not blest with immortal souls,) who are cutting one another to atoms in his holy name, and with his ambassadors for bottle-holders !

† “ Here,” says she, “ you cowardly, faint-hearted wretch, take this heavenly fruit, eat, and be a stupid fool no longer ; eat, and become wise ; eat, and be a god ; and know, to your eternal shame, that your wife has been made an enlightened goddess before you.”—*History of the Devil*.

But jabbering Paul bids women all obey,  
 And who to such a jabberer dare say nay ?  
 This saint, says Voltaire, had a mutton fist,  
 And would have women thump'd as well as kiss'd ;  
 But this in Æsop's fables is explain'd,  
 Where Leo to the boasting man complain'd.\* 140

Or if the YANHOO needs must thump his crow,  
 Could not the glorious orb attention draw,  
 Whose splendid beams diffuse both warmth and light,  
 Without which all would be eternal night ?  
 Instead of mumbling over such hum-drum,  
 Unmeaning silly stuff as "kingdom come,"  
 About the Father-god "*which* art in heaven—" (English no parish-boy would have forgiven).  
 But then the Sun a maker had, he'll say :  
 Suppose it—but who made that maker pray ? 150  
 Oh, he is *self-existent* ! then's the cry ;  
*Obscurum per obscurius*, I reply.—  
 In metaphysic subtleties thus crost,  
 The further we jog on the more we're lost.†  
 Discuss'd eternally, it still appears,  
 Like Paddy's ale, to thicken as it clears.

But grant man's form divine, on Bible proof ;  
 Is not the composition wretched stuff ?

\* Fable of the Lion and the Man.

† The King of Prussia (Frederick II.) used to say, a metaphysician was like a well-digger ; the deeper he went, the more he was in the dark.

Annoy'd by winter's cold and summer's heat,  
 Which bring by turns kibed heels and sweaty feet,\* 160  
 How does the learned Smellfungus† describe  
 The imperfections of the YAHOO tribe ?  
 Not riff-raff, in Saint Giles's cellars bred,  
 But tip-top quality, by fashion led ;  
 Ladies and lords, in Bath assembly-rooms,  
 Where YAHOO stinks are mingled with perfumes.  
 " It was indeed," says he, " a compound vile,  
 Which any parish hog would smell a mile :  
 Imagine then extremes of stink and sweet,  
 From lavender and musk, and dirty feet ; 170  
 Imposthumated lungs, and rotten teeth ;  
 Hartshorn, salvolatile, and stinking breath ;  
 Sour belchings, running sores, and putrid gums ;" ‡  
 (It's well he doesn't mention *fiddle-bums* !

\* " No earthly joys are found complete ;  
 The winter's cold and summer's heat,  
 Produce kibed heels and sweaty feet."—*Old Ballad*.

† Dr. Smollett, so named by Sterne.

‡ If the reader should be a little squeamish, and disgusted with Dr. Smellfungus's description of the Yahoo's defects, he is requested to cleanse and purify his imagination by reading Rabshakah's delicate *mag* about eating " their own dung and drinking their own piss" (2 Kings, chap. xviii.) ; and which, being a choice morsel of holy instruction, is again brought upon the tapis in Isaiah (chap. xxvi.) ; and also to turn to the inspired gibberish called Leviticus and Deuteronomy, where he may read of scabs, issues, running-sores, blood, guts, and unclean things, chapter after chapter, to his great delight and edification, without its producing any tendency to squeamishness or *boaking* : this being all the " word of God," is gulped down like barley-sugar, even by novel-reading ladies, on the *Lord's-day* ! So that it is not the " what is it," but the " who says it," that deter-

Since lords and dukes, with all their fine-drest doxies,  
 Must carry with 'em *there* their civet-boxes ;)  
 " Rank arm-pits, plaisters, assafoetida,  
 Issues, and bergamot, *et-cetera* ;  
 From which effluvia rises to the nose,  
 But not ambrosial, you may well suppose ! 180  
 No!—frowzy steams, with odours mix'd, arise,  
 That might defy old Nick to analyze." \*  
 Such is the portrait of the YAHOO tribe ;  
 Drawn, *d'après Nature*, by a learned scribe ;  
 One of the M. D. corps, who ought to know  
 The animal throughout from top to toe.  
 It may be said, 'twould make a Caffre sp-w ;  
 Perhaps it might—'tis not for that less true.  
 Denied it may be, with an awkward grace ;  
 But then the conscience flies up in the face. 190  
 Gladly such galling truths would be denied :  
 CREATION'S LORDS ! to be thus mortified !  
 So wise ! so good ! immortal too, and stink so !  
 Who but a beastly wretch could ever think so ! †

But if not true, why are perfumers' shops  
 Crowded from morn till night with belles and fops ?

mines the matter ; as it is not to be supposed possible for a Holy Ghost to talk filthily.

\* The whole assemblage, it should seem by the learned doctor's account, might with great propriety have exclaimed with the lunatic prophet, " we are all as an *unclean thing*."\*—Isaiah lxiv. 6.

† See "Clarke's Critical Review."

\* What this is may be seen in Deut. xxiii.



Who purchase essence with their idle pence,  
 To smother stinks which give themselves offence.\*  
 Excepting one vile, filthy four-legg'd creature,†  
 There's nothing so offensive in its nature. 200  
 A pretty demi-god to swell and strut!  
 Corruption as he is from head to foot!  
 A bundle of infirmities at best,  
 Altho' in velvet robes and ermine drest,  
 And stars and baubles glitter at his breast! }

But then he has a SOUL, a spark divine!  
 That oozes thro' the filthy mass to shine!  
*Tant pis*, alas! since nine are out of ten  
 Pick'd up by BLACKKEY for his blazing den;  
 Where, being *immaterial*, they fume 210  
 And frizzle, day and night, but ne'er consume!

\* "Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,  
 Sail in the ladies."—*Donne*.

† The Skunk, or Stinkbisseem, an animal hunted sometimes at the Cape of Good Hope, which, when hard pressed by the dogs, lets fly from its rump-battery such a pestiferous volley of stink-pots, or rather stink-shots, that the dogs are obliged to turn tail, overcome by the suffocating stench.

"De toutes nos secretions," says Voltaire, "il n'y en a pas une seule qui soit bon à rien; pas une seule même qui ne rend le genre humain désagréable."—*Questions*. Voltaire is, however, mistaken in his assertion: urine is valuable to dyers, chemists, printers, and others; and the fœces is now found to be of great utility, and even advertised as an article for exportation, under the delicate denomination of *DESSICATED COMPOST*, at so much per hogshead, and particularly recommended to the West India merchants for the improvements of their sugar-canes.—See *The Times* of April, 1826, and since.

Now, why should this scrub want so many souls,  
 Which in war-time must people hell in shoals ? \*  
 Can he have sugar-canes to cultivate ?  
 Or sulphur-mines to work on his estate ?  
 Or is it malice to his adversary,  
 That spurs him on poor YAHOO's souls to worry ?  
 Without some motive would he take such pains,  
 And sweat, and fag, and rack his sooty brains ?  
 And, like a roaring lion, trot about 220  
 Continually to smell poor YAHOOs out ?  
 No ; like the biped, he'd not stir for nought,  
 Nor give a penny but to gain a groat. †

The YAHOO, ignorant of Nature's laws,  
 Presumes himself to be a final cause :  
 " Sun, moon, and stars," he cries, " and earth and sea,  
 Are all created but to pleasure me."  
 But is not Gay's flea's logic just as good,  
 Who deems the man made only for *his* food ? ‡  
 The parson says, indeed, he's but a worm ; 230  
 But still he's modell'd on Jehovah's form.  
 Jehovah's form ! poor wretch, 'tis very plain,  
 Excess of pride has addled his poor brain.

\* ——— " The greatest chief  
 That ever peopled hell with heroes slain."—*Lord Byron*.

† ——— " We found no bait  
 To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,  
 Disinterested good, is not our trade ;  
 We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought."—*Cowper*.

‡ Gay's Fables.—See Voltaire's excellent " Discours (6<sup>ieme</sup>) sur l'Homme."

When of his *godlike* qualities he raved,  
 His heated noddle should be closely shaved :  
 Endow'd with cunning, tho' devoid of sense,  
 He hides what gives his vanity offence ; \*  
 Or tries to hide it, rather should be said,  
 Like the poor ostrich, who conceals his head ;  
 And when this vice he can no longer hide, 240  
 'Tis brazen'd out, and then call'd *decent* pride.  
 But what is decent ? what does decent mean ?  
 Just what we please ; 'tis nothing but a screen—  
 A trick, a subterfuge, a sophist's cavil,  
 To make vice virtue, and to cheat the Devil.

Yes, shuffle and disguise it how we will,  
 'Tis pride and envy rule the Yahoo still ;  
 Abstracted from these passions, we shall find  
 'Tis but a lifeless lump that's left behind' : †

\* “ L'orgueil est egal dans tous les hommes, et il n'y a point de difference qu'aux moyens, et a la manière de le mettre au jour.”—*Rochefoucault*.

† If it were possible to take pride and envy from the human species, grass would soon grow in Bond-street and Cheapside. “ Man, without envy and pride,” says Mandeville, “ may, with great propriety, be compared to a log in a pond, with but little inclination to exert himself.”—*Fable of the Bees*. Horace Walpole remarks, that “ envy, though one of the worst and meanest of our passions, seems *somehow* natural to the human breast.”—*Walponiana*. Smollett says, “ I am inclined to think no mind was ever wholly exempt from envy, which, perhaps, may have been implanted as an instinct essential to our nature.” And Arbuthnot, speaking of party violence, upon the death of *Brandy Nan*, says, in a letter to Swift, “ I have an opportunity, calmly and philosophically, to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness that I always believed to be in the heart of man.”—“ Notre

Take pride and envy from the belles and fops, 250

The bauble-venders soon must shut their shops.

Like other animals, decreed by fate

To eat, and drink, and sleep, and propagate.

But for his *rationality*, his boast,

If ever he possess'd it, 'tis now lost.

REASON ! oh, name it not, 'tis profanation : \*

The *reasonable* YAHOO fears damnation ;

The *reasonable* Christian is baptized ;

The *reasonable* Jew is circumcised :

(For by this *holy* snipcock operation,† 260

The Lord will recognise the " chosen nation " ‡

When the last trumpet sounds, and all, like bears,

Are scrambling for their bones to get up stairs :) §

envie," observes Rochefoucault, " dure toujours plus long temps que le bonheur de ceux que nous envions."

\* " Ce que est le plus contraire à la droite *Raison*, c'est cela même après quoi on court le plus avidement. Demandez vous pourquoi ? C'est presque tous les hommes sont Fous."—*Erasme*.

† " Le prepuce est coupé en cérémonie a l'âge de huit ans (the holy book says eight days) on a porte dans quelques-unes de nos villes le *saint* prepuce en procession : on le garde encore quelque sacristies, sans que cette facétie ait cause le moindre troubles dans les familles."—*Questions*.

‡ " For thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God : the Lord hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth."—Deut. vii. " They might have been the chosen people," said Lord Rochester ;

" But why the Devil they were chose,  
The Lord himself sure only knows :"

as, from their beastly conduct, it might have been supposed they were the Devil's leavings.

§ As we are to see God " in the flesh," (Job xix.) the bones must be wanted in course. This is, however, contrary to the assertion of



The Christian infant's made a babe of grace,  
 By having water sprinkled in his face ;  
 (Quære, would not the holy water tell,  
 If sprinkled on the backside, just as well ?  
 The OLD ONE might be skulking thereabout,  
 And then the cross would keep the rascal out ; )  
 While some more learned, solemn, owl-phizz'd fools, 270  
 Well cramm'd with rubbish from the lumber-schools,\*  
 Baptize the *unborn* infant with a squirt,  
 Without the child or mother being hurt ! †  
 What *reasonable* conduct ! all are right,  
 Jews, Turks, and Christians too, and all delight  
 For this, whene'er they meet, to scratch and fight. ‡ }  
 What reverend harpies ! what a brawling crew !  
 In all their deeds the cloven-foot peeps through ;  
 Fraught with the musty tenets of a college,  
 These self-dubb'd *wranglers* boast their classic knowledge-  
 No wonder they the heathens should despise, 281  
 Since *they* to Christian doctrines shut their eyes ;  
 No *blessed* Gospel in their skulls was cramm'd,  
 For want of which (thank God) they're now all damn'd :

St. Paul, who says, " flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."—1 Cor. xv.

\* " Filling with frantic crowds of learned fools  
 Those reverend bedlams, colleges, and schools."

*Lord Rochester.*

† The doctors of the Sorbonne have decreed, that though no part of the child's body should appear, it may be baptized by injection : " par le moyen d'une petite canulle, sans faire tort à la mere."—*T. Shandy*.

‡ " Par piété ils se traitent mutuellement de blasphémateurs et d'impies."—*Volney*.

Had they been bless'd, like us, with Gospel-light in  
Their noddles, they'd (saint-like) have gone to smiting.

Oh, *blessed Gospel-light* ! who'd e'er suppose  
From such *pure* light the saints should come to blows ?  
Yet such are Evangelicals, who boast  
Of being crop-cramm'd with the Holy Ghost ! 290  
The jargon of the frothy spouter Paul,  
Bothers the pericraniums of them all.  
" Cast off the old man," Mawworm cries ; " 'tis plain,  
You must be damn'd unless you're *born again*."  
Some howl for grace, some for predestination,  
Some for election, some for reprobation.\*  
Aloud you'll hear a Praise-God Barebones bawl,  
" Ye're mutton's lost, unless ye have a call !  
And so are they who of their good works brag,  
Self-righteousness is but a filthy rag. 300  
Sweet Jesus only sinners must confide in,  
And guard against ' short-comings' and ' backsliding.'  
Without faith in the *Lamb* to hell you'll go ;  
But Lamb's-blood washes you as white as snow."  
All full of Jesus, each light-headed sect  
Boasts loudly of their " spread of intellect."

From Gospel-light, or rather Gospel-dung,†  
What crops of muddled nincompoops have sprung !

\* The reader who may wish for amusement as well as information from the holy gibberish, is referred to Clarke's excellent *Critical Review*.

† Whitfield, in one of his ranting sermons at Glasgow, in the year 1742, thus expresses himself : " O Lord, dung us with Jesus Christ,

Hernhutters, Jumpers, Ranters, Harmonites,  
 Revivers, Squatters, Calvinists, New Lights, 310  
 Arminians, Quakers, Muggletonians,  
 Socinians, Anabaptists, Antinomians,  
 Swedenbourgs, Arians, Shilo-Southcotites ;  
 The major part rank fools, the rest rank bites.

Such are the Christian YAHOOs, who delight  
 To blindfold reason with their *inward* light.\*  
 Peter and Paul are conn'd ; but, still perplex'd,  
 They rummage Luke, and Mark, and Matthew next :  
 From text to text the pious buzzards fly,  
 While " the land stinks, so num'rous are the fry." 320  
 Yet some of these pure saints *now* seem to think  
 Young girls may too much in the Bible squint ;  
 And stumbling upon passages obscene,†  
 Must wonder what such paw-paw words can mean.

that we may bring forth much fruit meet for thee."—See *Lewis's Memoirs*. And in writing to Lady Huntingdon, the same preacher of the blessed Gospel says, " I have just now risen from the ground, after praying to the Lord of all lords to water your soul every moment, honoured madam."—*Southey's Wesley*. Tom Brown quotes the following prayer from one of the frothy spouters in his time : " Souse us, O Lord, in the powdering-tub of thy grace, that we may become tripes fit for thy heavenly table ; sweeten us with the sugar-candy of thy mercy, O Lord, that we may all be rendered lollypops and bull's-eyes for the righteous in kingdom come !"

\* " 'Tis such a light as putrefaction breeds  
 In fly-blown flesh, whereon the maggot feeds ;  
 Shines in the dark, but usher'd into day,  
 The stench remains, the lustre dies away."—*Cowper*.

† Teaching the poor to read so generally has cut out plenty of employment for the spiritual sow-gelders, who are now as busy as the

Does holy mulch then hatch such precious crops ?  
 Or are they cuddled in old Blackey's shops ?  
 Whence can such crowds of frantic fools proceed ?  
 From Gospel ! Yes, they're all of Gospel breed.  
 While pious tracts of " Christ and Crusts " abound,\*  
 Saints are in every hole and corner found. 330  
 We're so be-sanctified, so truly blest,  
 So Gospel-gorged, poor Mawworm cannot rest ;  
 But starts red-hot, a missionary bite,  
 Eager to give poor heathens *Gospel-light* :  
 Poor Mawworm finds more pigs than teats at home,  
 So ventures forth 'mongst infidels to roam,  
 To preach to Ashantees God's holy word,  
 To kick out Scratch, and introduce the Lord ;  
 Tho' by his pious efforts it appears  
 He sets 'em all together by the ears : 340  
 For tho' the man of God no labour spares,  
 Nick will amongst the wheat still sow his tares.

Ye pious missionaries ! let us know  
 How many are converted where ye go ;  
 And whether, while ye in your lingo prate,  
 The Holy Ghost stands by ye to translate.

Devil in a high wind in grubbing out the impurities from the holy balderdash, lest their chaste female devotees might now and then be shocked by reading so often about " going in unto her," &c.

\* The title of a favourite tract, originating in the answer of a poor woman, who, when asked by an evangelical lady if she was in want of any thing, replied, " No, my dear madam, thank the Lord ; I never can be in want of any thing while I have my Christ and my crust."



In your next kind communications tell us,  
 Whether the Lord of savages is jealous.\*  
 And whether, when ye treat them with rum-grog,  
 They're not for holy Gospel more agog; 350  
 And oft come after baptism rather mellow,  
 Roaring out, "Goramity, damn'd good fellow!  
 More grog, good massa parson, more baptize:"†  
 Then aren't ye struck with horror and surprise  
 To hear them, when they're told the *Lamb* is God,  
 And that their sins are wash'd out by his blood,  
 Cry out, "Oh, Benamuckee! massa parson, fie!  
 Dat wat you preash be one big god-dam lie;  
 For if young litel goramity *Lamb*,  
 Den great old goramity be de *Ram*." 360

Oh, reverend leeches! ere the world ye roam,  
 Why not convert the infidels at home?  
 Is all your credit with Jehovah lost?  
 Have ye no Shilo, nor a Cock-lane ghost?

\* "Thou shalt have no other gods but me: for I, the Lord, am a *jealous* God," &c. If the great Jehovah was 'jealous' in regard to the worship of such a tribe of filthy, stinking, humgruffin snipcocks, as his favourites appear to have been, it is not to be wondered if he were also and *likewise* respecting the prayers and supplications of the Catabaws, Ottogamies, &c. when addressed to the Great Spirit in the Cavern.

† Horace Walpole (speaking of China) says, "This China is indeed a bad dose: hundreds of millions are there seen who have never heard of Christ or Judea! Even the *SALVATOR MUNDI* died to no purpose! only to save the hundredth part of a fraction! What an insult to the faith! We ought to have a crusade against those Chinese, and baptize them in their blood, by all means—the shocking infidels!"—*Walpoliana*.

Why not *let-off* a miracle or two?  
 A subject from the churchyard raised would do ;  
 Or send a man to walk, as it is said  
 Saint Dennis did in France, without his head ;  
 Something to terrify and make us stare,  
 And tumble on our marrow-bones to pray'r ; 370  
 Something to put the rabble in a quaking :  
 The Lord, no doubt, would bless the undertaking ;  
 Since ye all fag and labour for his church,  
 He can't in conscience leave ye in the lurch.  
 Try what your praying to the *Lamb* can do,  
 And bring a ghost or bugaboo to view :  
 As ye're all bless'd with faith, ye cannot doubt  
 But what the Lord at last will help ye out ;  
 Nor turn his back upon such holy men,  
 Who feast upon his carcass now and then. 380

Witch-hunting Jammie, a true Lord's anointed,  
 As ever by the Devil was appointed,\*  
 Was by the Gospel-preaching vampires told  
 The " word of God " was better than pure gold ;  
 That lucre, and the riches of the earth,  
 Were dross, compared with such transcendent worth.†  
 (They should have said, this " pearl above all price "  
 Enabled saints to live in sloth and vice.)‡

\* " If such kings are by God appointed,

The Devil might be the Lord's anointed."—*Lord Rochester*.

† See the canting, fawning, fulsome, toad-eating, lick-spittle, and true priestly dedication of the translators of the *blessed book* to the British Solomon.

‡ " Qui legit historiam ecclesiasticam, quid legit," says Grotius, " nisi vitia episcoporum ? "

But tho' it proves such to these reverend leeches,  
 Who chouse the rabble with their pulpit-speeches ; 390  
 And who, by virtue of the " holy word,"  
 Cram their fat paunches, and cry, " Fear the Lord."  
 Is it not to the laity a curse ?  
 Could Beelzebub have ever sent a worse ?  
 Has it not set, wherever it was known,  
 Wife against husband, father against son ?  
 To love your wife or child's a grand mistake—  
 You're taught to hate each other for Christ's sake.\*  
 Take no thought for to-day ; and when you die,  
 The dead may bury you, or there you lie.† 400  
 " Compel them to come in," the parsons bawl,  
 Or excommunicate them one and all.  
 Woe be to those whom they dare trample on,  
 For where they have the power they spare none.  
 Lift but a finger at the sacred sty,  
 " The church—the church's in danger !" they all cry.  
 Wherever *filthy lucre* much abounds,  
 The pack are on the scent like staunch fox-hounds ;  
 Wealth to obtain, their Machiavelian plan  
 Is to promote dissension when they can. 410  
 Do different sects in friendship e'er unite ?  
 No ; Christ's disciples all like tigers fight.

\* " I am come to send fire on the earth." (Very like a benevolent Deity !) " Suppose ye that I come to give peace ? I tell you nay ; but rather division : the father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father ; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother."—Luke xii.

† " And he said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach."—Luke ix.

The LAMBKIN said he came to bring a sword,\*  
And, *Lamb* like, Christians use it for their Lord.

Oh! had the YAHOO eyes, he'd plainly see  
What bitter fruit grows on his Gospel-tree;  
What pestilential crabs have ever grown,  
And ever will, where'er this tree is known.  
Look round the globe—for near two thousand years,  
The CROSS has deluged it with blood and tears;† 420  
Nor will the YAHOO happier days e'er find,  
While he with Gospel-light continues blind:  
His intellect may *march*, as he supposes,  
But in the mud 'twill stick with Christ and Moses.  
Of real intellect there'll be no spread,  
Till such stuff's driven from his bother'd head.

With fee-faw-fum and mummary beguiled,  
The Yahoo's brains are addled when a child;  
And when adult, he learns from godly books,  
The Lord's best pleased when he has dismal looks. 430  
The Christian's *blessed* book has *cursed* the earth,‡  
And brought them strife and war, instead of mirth.

\* "Think not that I am come to bring peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."—Matt. x.

† "The scene of Christianity has been always a scene of dissension, of hatred, of persecution, and of blood."—*Bolingbroke*. And what says Erasmus: "Sanguine fundata est ecclesia, sanguine crevit, sanguine succrevit, sanguine erit."

‡ "Among other precious relics," says Mr. Walpole, "which we were treated with the sight of at this convent, we were shown a piece of the *blessed* fig-tree which our guide said had been cursed by Christ."—*Walpole's Correspondence*.



The *tidings*, far from making them all glad,\*  
 Gives them the doldrums, and drives thousands mad.  
 Doesn't Augustine (the great saint who brought  
 The precious twaddle here which we're all taught),  
 With Jerome, Cyprian, and Tertullian too,  
 Pronounce us damn'd if pleasure we pursue?†  
 Did not the pious Origen, to save him  
 From Nick's claws, cut off what Jehovah gave him? 440  
 And thus escaping from the OLD ONE's gripe,  
 Sing hallelujahs with soprano pipe!  
 For had he been by women led astray,  
 He must to *kingdom-come* have lost his way;  
 Since Jerome tells us that *their* very touch  
 Is worse than mad dog's bites, their venom's such!‡  
 Doesn't the LAMB himself, such joys despising,  
 Hold forth in favour of this *eunuchising*?§  
 Hence parsons, tho' so given to caterwauling,  
 'Gainst "sinful lusts o' the flesh" are always bawling. 450  
 A cheerful look denotes a want of grace—  
 John Bunyan wears no smile upon his face;  
 John bids us groan and pray, and sob and howl;  
 For should you not, Nick nabs your sinful soul.

Unhappy Cowper! tho' with genius blest,  
 By this true Christian night-mare was oppress:

\* "O thou that bringest good tidings to Zion!"

† See "Gibbon's Decline and Fall," chap. 15.

‡ See the note on dancing, in the conclusion.

§ "And there be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of Heaven's sake."—Matt. xix.

His mind infected with this curse, he cries,  
 " The cross, the cross alone can make us wise ! " \*  
 Has not this cross, this emblem of salvation,  
 Render'd this life a temporal damnation ? 460  
 Is not a crucifix a horrid sight ?  
 Yet Christian YAHOOs view it with delight !  
 A naked man upon a gibbet nail'd,  
 By squeamish girls is ev'n with rapture hail'd !  
 They call it *Lamb, sweet Jesus, and dear Saviour !*  
 And out-rant Bedlamites by their behaviour.

See surly Johnson, frighten'd by a dream,  
 Come roaring like the monster Polypheme :  
 He heard his mother in the night call " *Sam !* " †  
 And heard himself say, " Mother, here I am ! " 470  
 A back-bone Christian, gloomy and uncivil—  
 Praying to God, and trembling at the Devil.  
 With superstition haunted day and night,  
 He dreams of ghosts, and hags, and second-sight ;  
 Credits old silly women's tales of witches,  
 Who once to Bozzy he affirm'd were bitches. ‡

\* Yes, if lunacy is wisdom. This horrid emblem of Christianity has transformed the poor *Yahoos* into blood-drinking tigers. Will it be credited, that a representation of the detestable crucifixion used to take place on Good Friday in some of the convents in Paris, when poor infatuated women (perhaps prepared by opium) were actually nailed by their hands and feet to a *cross* ! in which horrid state they were kept several hours ? One poor creature expired in agony, after drawing out the nails from her hands and feet.—See *Baron Grimm's Correspondence*.

† See " Boswell's Life of Johnson."

‡ " Nought proved the non-existence of the bitches."—*Bozzy and Piozzy*.

His long-tail'd words astound the gaping mob,  
 Who think the Doctor had a wond'rous nob.  
*Bow-wow*ing triads, like a mastiff-dog,  
 And in politeness distanced by a hog ; 480  
 Irascible and savage in debate,  
 Thwart him, perhaps you risk'd a broken pate ; \*  
 Rouse *Ursus*-Major, and in growling tones,  
 He threatens *à la Crib* to break your bones. †  
 Yet tho' to manners he has no pretence,  
 He's call'd *the MORALIST*, *par excellence* !  
 The doctor knew the *gang*, 'tis very plain,  
 And he puff'd those who puff'd up him again. ‡

\* "Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry and some truth, that Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his *bow-wow* way."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

† The Doctor was told Foote had an intention of caricaturing his hoggish manners and pompous fustian on the stage. "If the dog does," (the usual expression of the great Christian moralist,) says he, "I'll break every bone in his skin."—See *Lexiphanes*. Surly Sam, alias Rhinoceros, had knocked down ———, a bookseller in the Row, who had offended him, and of which he frequently boasted.

‡ The Doctor, however, was not always "up to snuff" in this particular, and till his apostacy neither obtained pudding nor praise. In the first editions of his lumbering Dictionary, the word Pension was defined, "the pay of a state-hireling for treason against his country." See *Lexiphanes*, page 24, note. But, as this was not the way to procure a sop in the pan, the great moralist wheeled to the right-about, roared to a contrary tune, and, naturally superstitious, bespattered the church-party with adulation, perceiving the great influence they possessed in society, and their power to puff up or suppress any one by their reviews and other publications, as they might think fit. With this party he soon succeeded ; and as all his writings were in favour of church and state, he was not overlooked by those in power, and soon obtained a pension of £300 per annum, and became in a short time the "*great Dr. Johnson*." And as Dr. Shebbeare was pensioned at

He's now a demi-saint; but few shine brighter,  
 Either as Gospel-sniveller, or smiter. 490

YAHOO, admire thy hoggish Christian brother;  
 'Tis natural for hogs to like each other.

Does not the gloomy "Night Thoughts" Young declare,  
 That Christians all should spend their time in prayer?  
 That laughter's half immoral, and that song,\*  
 And dance, and mirth, to Beelzebub belong?

the same period, it gave rise to a sarcastic joke, that the King kept two bears, a he-bear and a She-bear. The following descriptive lines of the *great moralist*, by Churchill, may not be unacceptable to the reader:—

" POMPOSO, insolent and loud,  
 Vain idol of a scribbling crowd;  
 Whose very name inspires an awe;  
 Whose every word is sense and law;  
 Who, cursing flattery, is the tool  
 Of every fawning, flattering fool;  
 Who proudly seized of *Learning's* throne,  
 Now damns all learning but his own;  
 And makes each sentence current pass,  
 With *puppy, coxcomb, scoundrel, ass.*  
 For 'tis with him a certain rule,  
 The folly's proved when he calls fool:  
 Who, to increase his native strength,  
 Draws words six syllables in length,  
 With which, assisted by his frown,  
 By way of club, he knocks us down!  
 His comrades terrors to beguile,  
*Grins horribly a ghastly smile:*  
 Features so horrid, were it light,  
 Would put the Devil himself to flight."

See *The Ghost*.

\* "Laughter itself is half immoral;  
 Pardon a thought that seems severe."—*Night Thoughts*.



That sublunary pleasures tend to evil,\*  
 And lead backsliding sinners to the Devil ?  
 Hence Holy Bible-grubbers quail and quake,  
 Scared at the "wrath to come," and "fiery lake;" 500  
 Hence saints have all such sad Good-Friday faces—  
 Peepers turn'd up, long jaws, and queer grimaces :  
 If singing psalms with godly spunk o'erflowing,  
 They sing as if they to the DRÖP were going.  
 (Whether the Lord loves music there's no saying,  
 But sure he cannot like such asses braying !  
 Such lullabies, tho' meant to compliment him,  
 And to his "praise and glory" must torment him ;  
 When their vile snuffling, dismal strains he hears,  
 No doubt in haste he buttons up his ears.)† 510  
 All day by old Scratch haunted, in a fright  
 They go to bed, and dream of hell at night.

\* "When pleasure's seized, compute your mighty gains;  
 What is it but rank poison in your veins?"

*Young's Satires.*

So sings this sanctified, woe-stricken son of the church ; who, under the heaviest denunciations against worldly pleasures, and the sin of participating in them, hunted after "*filthy lucre*," and the "mammon of unrighteousness," with the greediness of a dragon. See a curious letter of the reverend Doctor's, in the whining way, to Lady Suffolk (when Mrs. Howard), in *The Mirror*, No. 78 ; and also his toad-eating blarney to Silly Bub,\* Sir Robert Walpole, the Duke of Dorset, &c. &c. in his Satires and Dedications.

† "And yet how many a voice, and pipe, and chord,  
 Bray to the 'praise and glory' of the Lord !  
 How merciful is Heaven to bear such bother,  
 And not knock one thick skull against the other !" — *P. Pindar.*

\* Bubb Doddington; it is said, complained of his Christian name to Lord Chesterfield, who advised him to prefix Silly to it.

The "sinfulness of sin" so much prevails,\*  
 They think the Devil's always at their tails.†  
 Such saints may smile perhaps in "kingdom-come,"  
 But here on earth they look confounded glum;  
 And tho' they fear not Satan, they all cry,  
 Their dismal phizzes give their tongues the lie.  
 You'd think such *lamb*-like saints could never fight;  
 But when they heathens meet, they're bound to smite.  
 Cutting their throats who don't believe the *Word*, 521  
 Is "labouring in the vineyard of the Lord;"  
 And smiting Infidels, and Jews, or Turks,  
 Ranks foremost in a Christian's holy works.  
 Does conscience check him? No; he boasts the deed:  
 Infants, if heretics, are doom'd to bleed.  
 (Jehovah's butchers are not over nice;  
 "Nits," they exclaim, "in time will grow to lice.")‡  
 The saint exults—his parson eggs him on,  
 And tells him all he kill'd to hell are gone. 530  
 What's conscience then? A fudge, of putty made;  
 To murder for the *Lamb* no saint's afraid.

\* A favourite expression of the Mawworm tribe.

† "A look of horror spread all o'er 'em,  
 As if they saw hell-fire before 'em;  
 And Satan, with a sable pack  
 Of long-tail'd devils at his back,  
 Ready with pitchforks to begin  
 To push 'em all by dozens in."—*Homer Burlesqued*.

‡ A common expression when children were murdered at Paris, on St. Bartholomew's eve, as well as in the Irish massacre.—See *Mrs. Macauley's History of England*, year 1641.

Conscience is taught to slumber at such times ;  
 There's no remorse felt for religious crimes.\*  
 The saints beg God will give them strength and grace,  
 For smiting "hip and thigh" the heathen race ;  
 And should th' ungodly ever come in view,  
 That "over Edom they may cast their shoe."†  
 "Oh, blessed Lord!" the Gospel blood-hounds cry,  
 (Their verjuiced *mugs* all turn'd towards the sky,) 540  
 "To smite the infidels, oh! grant that we  
 In thine hands humble instruments may be!  
 Permit us in thy name to cut off all  
 Of Ahab's race that piss against the wall;‡  
 Like holy Agag, in thy name to smite,§  
 And to our knees in blood for thee to fight."  
 A Bible in their hands, the godly crew  
 Have a "carte-blanche" for whatsoe'er they do :  
 All full of "praise-God zeal," they smite away,  
 Then drop upon their marrow-bones to pray. 550  
 Oh, Fate, pray keep all Mawworm Christians from me,  
 For where they come they play up Hell and Tommy!||

\* "Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum."—*Lucretius*.

† "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe."—Psalm lx.

The custom of throwing the shoe, or striking a person with it, seems to be continued in the East to the present day."—See *Hajji Baba*.

‡ 2 Kings xi.

§ "And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord."—1 Sam. xv. 33.

|| A proverbial expression, signifying skylarking, rowing, going-it, or kicking up a rumpus, or a bobbery; and particularly applicable to assemblages of squabbling, crack-brained fanatics, which always end in riot and confusion: *e.g.* (among many others) a meeting was held

Thou, *non-com.* biped ! boast your holy trash—  
 Your Bible-callipee and callipash ;  
 Your blessed Trinity, where One is Three,  
 And orthodox and lunatic agree !  
 Mix'd up with humbug, fudge, and contradiction,  
 Surpassing all th' extravagance of fiction :

at the London Tavern, a short time since, for religious discussion between the Catholics (who, it appeared, had been challenged by their adversaries) and the Methodists, or Evangelicals, two squads holy, *par excellence*, when Miss Tisiphone and her sisters, as usual, poked their snouts in among the saints to help them in their godly bickerings, and Hell and Tommy was played up in style. Swift, speaking of the wrangling fiddlers, says,

“ Strange, that such difference should be,  
 ’Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dée.”

May we not say also,

’Tis strange such *hellish* wrath should rise,  
 ’Twixt *heavenly* saints of kingdom-come ;  
 While one gang *hocus-pocus* cries,  
 The other bawls for *fee-faw-fum*.

When in the heat of the debate, fisty-cuffs commenced ; and, in the words of the so-much-admired Greek poet,

“ Some clench’d their fists, and then wou’d dart ’em  
 At others’ nobs, *secundum artem* ;  
 While some got punches in their stomachs,  
 Others got kicks which gave ’em bum-achs.”

The “ *argumentum baculinum* ” was then resorted to, and a general *hubbubboo* ensued. The Methodist party, by far the most numerous, vociferating, “ Down with ’em ! Break the necks of the ungodly ! Show ’em a short way from Dan to Beersheba ! ” Meaning, that the *Papishes*, as they were called, should be thrown over the rails of the staircase ; which, in their red-hot fits of godly zeal, would have taken place, but for the interference of the constables, who had been called in to prevent further mischief : the deputy-chairman of the Evangelicals, Mr. P., roaring out like a bull all the time to “ *comprehend* all *as* made a disturbance,” although it was entirely occasioned by their own party.



Incomprehensibles amalgamate  
 With all the rubbish in your choak'd-up pate ; 560  
 Whatever is impossible believe—  
 'Tis holy logic, and can ne'er deceive.\*  
 Saint Athanasius, pitying your condition,  
 This nostrum found to save you from perdition,  
 Which must prove efficacious, understood,  
 Especially to noddles full of mud : —  
 Three Gods are seen by all possess'd of grace,  
 As plainly as the nose upon your face ;  
 The conj'ror comes, with " Presto, fly, begone !"  
 And lo, they're metamorphosed into *one* ! 570  
 But in the hodge-podge, mixty-maxty mess,  
 Which are th' efficient, we are left to guess ;  
 And therefore, when we pray, we ought to know,  
 If it should not be to the Lord and Co.

But why on three Gods only do you fix,  
 Since you so oft acknowledge five or six ?  
 Why elbow out, against all common sense,  
 So rudely, Nature, Heav'n, and Providence ?  
 There's not a day but what, with turn'd-up eyes,  
 You these as deities apostrophize. 580  
 And then so ungallant, so like a bear,  
 To oust thus (fie upon you !) *Madame Mere* !

\* " Credo," says the lunatic Tertullian, " quia impossibile est."—" Il n'est rien cru si fermement que ce qu'on sçait le moins, ny gens si asseurez que ceux qui nous content des fables."—*Montaigne*.

Across the Channel there's your YAHOO brother,  
 Admits the Virgin in the firm as Mother ; \*  
 While you with gloomy Calvinistic snout,  
 In college fashion, turn the lady out ; †  
 And leave, with all your holy orthodoxy,  
 The blessed Trinity without a doxy.

Æsop's poor heathen had a god, and beat him ; ‡  
*Enlighten'd* Christians make a God, and eat him : 590  
 Christ's flesh and blood is by the faithful taken, §  
 And gulp'd down just like so much beer and bacon.  
 But when this holy stuff is in the crop,  
 Does it for ever undigested stop ?  
 Or does the sacramental *peck* and *booze*,  
 Thro' chitterlings with other matter ooze ?

\* If the Virgin Mary is not comprised in the Trinity, she is at least worshipped and more idolized than the third Person, alias the Ghost.—See *Smollett's Travels*.

† Several places are held in the universities by bachelors only, who forfeit them by marrying ; and the same popish custom is observed at Lambeth, where archbishops' *train-bearers* (what true Christian humility !) are dismissed if they marry.

‡ Fable of the Man and his Wooden God.

§ " The body and blood of Christ, (a dainty mess for a Yahoo !) which is *verily* and indeed taken and received by the *faithful* in the Lord's Supper." Among other lunatic sects of Christians who delighted in gobbling up their Maker, there was one who used to mix the blood of children in their sacramental wine ! Another " body and blood " crew had a custom of cramming ailing infants with sacramental bread, at the risk of choking them, with a view of saving them from the Devil !—See *Bailey*, word " Cataphrygians," and " Moral Philosopher," vol. i. p. 112.

By peristaltic motion groping on,  
 All its soul-purifying virtues gone ?  
 And then, in this contaminated state,  
 Be turn'd out rudely at the postern gate ? \* 600  
 Sure, spawn'd from hell's dark pit, some wretched dreamer  
 First thought of gobbling up his " bless'd Redeemer !"

Oh ! heaven-born YAHOO ! sure thy Christianity  
 Is folly's " ne plus ultra," or insanity !  
 Who but an idiot, or a bedlamite,  
 Could take such diet, and with such delight ?  
 Then, like a *faithful* sacrament-receiver,  
 Thunder damnation on each unbeliever.  
 Egregious dolt ! would any but a stark ass,  
 First make a God, then prey upon his carcass ? 610  
 The " paragon of animals," indeed ! †  
 On the Lord's " flesh and blood" like hogs to feed !  
 Then wipe their muzzles, and come raving forth,  
 To murder heathens in their Christian wrath :  
 Nor is it infidels alone they smite,  
 The pious Christians one another bite ; ‡

\* " Mais, mon cher ami," lui dit l'Empereur, " tu as mangé et bu ton Dieu, que deviendra t'il quand tu auras besoin d'un pot de chambre ?"—" Sire," dit frere Rigolet, " il deviendra ce qu'il pourra : c'est son affaire."—*Dialogue entre l' Empereur de la Chine et un Jesuit.*

† Shakspeare.

‡ " For now the war is not between  
 The brethren and the men of sin ;  
 But saint and saint, to spill the blood  
 Of one another's brotherhood."—*Hudibras.*

" Dans tous les tems on voit les membres de l'Eglise de Dieu disposés a s'arracher les yeux."—*Le Citateur.*

Each sect upbraids the rest with superstition,\*  
 And boast their wisdom in this curst condition !  
 Thro' all the scale of animated nature,  
 There is not such another stupid creature !† 620  
 Writs now seem wanted, wheresoe'er we go,  
 Of "inquirendo de lunatico."

Yes ; superstition is the YAHOO's curse,  
 That strips the flock to cram the pastor's purse.  
 When call'd *religion*, it cajoles the weak,‡  
 Who then, from fear of hell, the parson seek ;  
 To Mumbo-jumbo, or grim Juggernaut,  
 Or Bennamuckee, just as they are taught—  
 To Moses, or Mohammed, or to Christ ;  
 By superstition one and all enticed : 630  
 Each bigot cries, his head with rubbish cramm'd,  
 " Mine's *true religion*—all the rest are damn'd ;"  
 While church, and synagogue, and mosque, all yell,  
 And send each other's devotees to hell :

\* " Ignorance and fear produced superstition, and superstition, in its turn, maintained ignorance and fear in the minds of men. Thus, superstition broached the notion of inspiration ; and when the notion was once established, and the fact believed, supposed inspiration served to confirm and authorise superstition."—*Bolingbroke's Philosophical Essays*.

† " J'ai augmenté l'ouvrage d'un volume, que les sottises humains m'ont fourni : c'est une source inepuisable."—*Le Sage*. And Gibbon, in his posthumous works, observes, that " man is the greatest fool of the whole creation."

‡ Hobbes says, and with great truth, " Religion is a superstition in fashion ; and superstition, a religion out of fashion."



Encouraged by their priests they smite away,  
 And murder's soon the order of the day.\*  
 Wherever Superstition's imps have been,  
 A Golgotha, or place of skulls, is seen ;  
 Wherever she has rear'd her hydra-head,  
 There human blood in torrents has been shed ; 640  
 Chains, gibbets, racks, and wheels, her steps attend,  
 And hell-born " Acts of faith" her throne defend.†  
 Crusades and Paris massacres proclaim,  
 With Ireland's murders, her infernal fame.

Such are Jehovah's pious, blessed race,  
 Born " babes of wrath," but changed to " babes of  
 grace :"

Yes, " babes of grace ;" and pretty babes they are !  
 And well they fatten upon Gospel-fare.  
 From *sin original*, the parson's sprinkling  
 Cleanses the infant YAHOO in a twinkling ; 650  
 The holy-water washes off the sin,  
 Infuses grace, and makes the Devil grin.

Ah, Blackey ! you may howl, and grin, and chatter  
 (God bless the parson and his holy-water) ;  
 Tho' you chous'd Eve and Adam long ago,  
 We do not care a button for you now.

\* " Excités par la voix des prêtres sanguinaires,  
 Invoquaient le seigneur en egorgeant leurs freres."—*Voltaire*.  
 See *L'Esprit*, Discours 2, chap. 24 ; also *La Loi Naturelle*,  
 3<sup>me</sup> partie.

† Auto-da-fe.—See *Questions*, tom. ii. p. 324.

Yet sure 'tis strange a rascal like old Scratch,  
 Should for the great Jehovah be a match ! \*  
 For now HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS well may boast,†  
 That by his cunning Paradise was lost ; 660  
 Since Eve and Adam both from thence were driven,  
 Because he got his . . . . kick'd out of heaven.

Oh, Johnny Noakes, Tom Tram, and Jack o' Nory,  
 Assist us to relate this pretty story ;  
 Which proves the YAHOO has a precious noddle,  
 And that he precious stuff can in it coddle.

It seems then, Blackey, full of hellish spite,  
 As well in such a case, indeed, he might,

\* “ Le bon Dieu s'est réellement trompé dans votre système, car s'il avait prévu que son ennemi empoisonnerait ici bas toutes ses œuvres il ne les aurait pas produites ; il ne se serait pas préparés lui-même la honte d'être continuellement jouée et vaincu.”—*Questions*.

† Whether this cock of the walk, who goes about “ like a roaring lion,” (not the way by the bye to lure gulls, one should suppose,) and is acknowledged as PRINCE of Darkness, is entitled to the appellation of *royal* or *serene* highness, the Herald's College might perhaps determine ; and also whether the whole corps of \*\*\*\*\* and serenés are not his descendants. But surely he ought not to be deprived of his just and proper titles, nor refused the homage and respect of the YAHOO race, of whom we are assured he *snaffles* up a decent crop ; and who therefore ought to be always cap in hand to deprecate his wrath, and ingratiate themselves in his favour, with a view of good usage and a snug birth in his chimney-corner ; for, although he is now in the suds, who can say but he may get his chin above water again some day ? (As Huet observed, when he bowed to the statue of Jupiter at Rome ;) and then he might recollect and reward those who had paid their respects to him in his adversity.

Said to himself, "As sure as my name's Nick,\*  
 I'll play Jehovah some damn'd scurvy trick. 670  
 A pretty rig, by God ! I'm kick'd down stairs,  
 Because I didn't choose to say my pray'rs,  
 Or sit contented with my naked rump  
 Upon a cloud, to blow a penny trump :  
 A chin-cough that way I have often got,  
 Sitting without my breeches, like a sot,  
 Tantara-raring it with all my might,  
 While cherubims squall'd,† 'Holy !' day and night ;‡  
 Expecting to be paid, instead of which,  
 I'm bundled out with kicks upon my breech ; 680  
 And, after nine days' arsy-versy § roll,||  
 Am poked in this damn'd black *Calcutta*-hole : ¶

\* One might suppose, from the multifarious cognominations, as the learned doctor would style them, that this scoundrel had kept company with our Newgate birds ; alias Tom, alias Jack, &c. &c.—Scratch, Nick, Beelzebub, Satan, Lucifer, Devil, &c.—See *Hudibras*, vol. ii. p. 201, and *De Foe's History of the Devil*, p. 39, where he has no less than twenty-one names and titles.

† Perhaps we may be told there were no saints in heaven at that time : perhaps not ; but as the *great* Milton has introduced them (see *Paradise Lost*), we may be allowed the same liberty of manufacturing nonsensical anachronisms.

‡ "Cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy," &c.

§ "Arsy-versy, heels over head, topsy-turvy, preposterously."—*Bailey*.

|| "Nine days they fell."—*Paradise Lost*. So says the *sublime* Milton. But surely this is puny fustian ! It should have been nine *years* at least, to denote the vast distance of hell from heaven ; though, from the gossip of Dives and Lazarus, we might suppose they were near neighbours, on the opposite side of the street ; but, then, would not the heavenly choristers be annoyed with the smell of sulphur, now and then, from the den of the snake, when the wind set that way, while they were chanting hallelujah ?

¶ Whether the Devil from his prescience was enabled to make this

It stinks of brimstone, too—God blast it ! Well,  
 No matter—here I shall be king of hell.\*  
 In hell I'll reign then—now I know the worst ;  
 But if I'm not revenged, may I be curst.  
 I'll watch Jehovah's motions day and night,  
 And find some way to give him kick for bite :  
 If second best I've come off at the scratch,  
 Some hell-fire row I'll yet contrive to hatch, 690  
 Shall make his worship squint nine ways at once,  
 Or set me down a damn'd thick-headed dunce."†

comparison, or whether he possessed Johnson's second sight, we know not ; but in either case the anachronism is sufficiently accounted for.

\* " Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."—*Paradise Lost*.

† Although his cloven-footed highness expresses himself here like a blackguard (which should be overlooked, if we consider his irritated state), yet we find he could swagger like a prince, and chatter like a prime one at other times (perhaps, as Shandy observes, it was when he shook off his brimstone tunic, and put on a clean shirt),\* when he was with his cronies (his staff-officers we may suppose)—

" To me shall be the glory sole among  
 Th' infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What HE (Almighty styled) six nights and days  
 Continued making ; and who knows how long  
 Had been contriving !" — *Paradise Lost*.

Contriving !! and, after all, to be outwitted by the OLD ONE ! A pretty contrivance, truly !! Only think (as Cobbett says) of the great Jehovah being humbugged and laughed at by such an errant blackguard ; and all, or most of the Yahoos, tumbled into the dark-hole, because he neglected to put on his spectacles, and look sharp after the Snake in the garden, or had overslept himself in his *Siesta* ; which we may presume he did sometimes, by his favourite Davy's calling so lustily to him, " Awake, O Lord ? why sleepest thou ? "

\* See " Tristram Shandy."



This said, he “grinn’d a ghastly smile,” and  
watch’d

An opportunity, which soon he catch’d :  
For great Jehovah, it appears, thought fit  
To make a world from scraps—and this is it ;  
This hodge-podge, hurly-burly, patch’d-up planet,  
With nothing worth a bunch of dog’s-meat in it,  
Excepting for one highly-favour’d class  
(For step-dame Nature sends the rest to grass) ;      700  
Mixt up with odds and ends, where dry and wet,  
And cold and heat, and light and dark, all met ;  
Tho’ at the first it look’d so spruce and nice,  
’Twas by the angels nicknamed PARADISE.  
And here, as in the *holy* book we read,  
A YAHOO cock and hen were put to breed,  
In hopes their offspring all would say their prayers,  
And thus the empty benches fill up stairs  
(For Scratch had, when kick’d out in this fierce  
squabble,  
Drawn after him a hell-fired gang of rabble).      710  
Then to the naked, loving YAHOO couple,  
Jehovah said, “Mind, never touch an apple :  
Cram if you like, from morn till night, your guts  
With hips and haws, and blackberries, and nuts ;  
But should you meddle with my Nonpareil,  
By all that’s good, I’ll send you both to hell.  
So mind your hits.” For tho’ in “kingdom come”  
He all things knew, and dealt in FEE-FAW-FUM !  
And in all common *rigs* was sharp enough,  
In this *black joke* he wasn’t “up to snuff.”      720

With all his gumption\* he ne'er smelt a rat,  
 Or dreamt what Mister Nickibus was at :  
 He never guess'd what schemes the dog was brewing,  
 To bring his pretty Paradise to ruin ;  
 But fagg'd, day after day, like any Turk ;  
 When up popp'd Sooty Dun, and spoil'd his work.  
 No sooner did *he* hear of Paradise,  
 Than off his rump he jump'd up in a trice ;  
 Scrubb'd his black phiz and brimstone carcass well,  
 Lest he should be discover'd by the smell ; 730  
 Then greased his boots, and over gates and stiles,  
 Ere you could — sneeze, he'd stride you twenty miles ;  
 So eager was the dog to find out Adam ;  
 Or, what was to his purpose more, his madam :†  
 Drest “ a-la-mode de puppy” for this *rig*,  
 With baboon whiskers, like a Bond-street prig ;  
 And was (compared with Eve's clodhopping honey)  
 A pretty, smirking, hell-fired Macaroni.  
 Now, seeing Eve in buff, (for in those days  
 There were no laws against such *exposés*,‡) 740

\* “ Gumption, or rumgumption, comprehension, capacity.”—  
*Cribb's Memorial*.

† His madam ! Yes, undoubtedly she was ; and a precious, poor,  
 soft piece of putty-like stuff the good woman seems to have been !  
 She is first cajoled by the Old One, alias the Snake ; and then goes  
 a-caterwauling with Mister Adam, without the parson's abracadabra :  
 consequently, we are all sons of a w . . . —See *De Foe's History of*  
*the Devil*, p. 58.

“ When Beelzebub first to make mischief began,  
 He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the poor man :  
 This Moses asserts, and from hence would infer,  
 That woman rules man, and the Devil rules her.”

‡ Query—Is not the law against exposing the *person* an indirect

It made his liqu'rish chops so run with water,  
 He couldn't rest a jot till he got at her ;  
 His jawing-tackle then he ply'd so well,  
 She quickly nibbled at his Nonpareil.

---

And now a pretty mess we should be all in,  
 Did not the parson kindly help us out,  
 Owing to their confounded caterwauling ;\*  
 But holy-water makes the Devil scout.

Why didn't Adam crop the rascal's ears ?  
 Or rather, why not snip off his bull's \*\*\*\*\* ? 750  
 Then of old Scratch we should have had no fears,  
 Nor in his oven e'er been shov'd to frizzle.

Had not Eve munch'd the *peepin*† like a jade,  
 No holy sprinkling we had ever needed ;  
 But all have cried with Kecksy,‡ “ Who's afraid ? ”  
 In short, the parson had been superseded.

insult to the great Jehovah, seeing he has made the *person* in his *own image* (without breeches, undoubtedly) ? What ! ashamed of the workmanship so much boasted of !!

\* “ Whoever looks back to Adam, and considers all the calamitous consequences that attended his *error*, will no longer imagine the fatal fruit to have been an apple, but the sense to be figurative. 'Tis plain that *eating* was not the crime, for we find neither the *palate* or *mouth* of Eve punished ; but when we hear ‘ *she shall bring forth with pain,* ’ 'tis easy to discover the offending part.”—*Swift's Discourse*.

† Foote's Orators.

‡ Irish Widow.

Then, since these Slugs all profit so by evil,  
 Why try of vice the torrent so to stem ?  
 Why should they be so spiteful to the Devil ?  
 Were Blackey *diddled*, what becomes of them ?\* 760

So much for Paradise, so wisely lost !  
 So much for Nickey, and his dingy troop !  
 For millions, with this rebel, down were toss'd,  
 And now in hell are sipping brimstone-soup.

---

Who, that had common sense,† could e'er believe  
 This silly trash of Beelzebub and Eve—  
 Of trees of life, and Adam, and his apple ?  
 None with the intellects of Sancho's Dapple.  
 Yet this fine story, drest in pompous phrase,  
 Forms the first book in these *enlighten'd* days ! ‡ 770

\* "An' ye tak' awa' the Deel," says the Scotch proverb, "ye may bid gude bye to the Laird." It would be a dreadful loss indeed to the black-slug tribe if old Nick was to "kick the bucket," or be lost in a fog. There would then be *wailing* (but no *garnishing* of teeth) with a vengeance, and they might have recourse to "sackcloth and ashes" with propriety.

† "Nothing," says Lord Chesterfield, "is so uncommon as common sense." Some author remarks the slowness of its growth, and says the aloe is a fool to it in comparison.

‡ Cobbett, speaking of this work, says, "the whole poem is such barbarous trash, so outrageously offensive to reason and common sense, that one is naturally led to wonder how it can have been tolerated. But it's the fashion to turn up the eyes when 'Paradise Lost' is mentioned ; and if you fail so to do, you want taste—you want judgment even if you do not admire this absurd and ridiculous stuff." *Register*, vol. xxxiv. p. 435. These remarks will no doubt be



This childish tale affords supreme delight;  
 When nonsense is the bait the gudgeons bite.  
 Cram ghosts and bugaboos in every tale,  
 To please "creation's lords" you'll never fail;\*  
 Or give them precious holy Gospel-stuff,  
 Their maws with *that* can ne'er be cramm'd enough :  
 Nought in that *blessed* book e'er comes amiss ;  
 Tho' old Rabshakah talks of "drinking piss,"†  
 And "eating their own dung," 'tis all divine—  
 Good Christian YAHOOs would go there to dine.‡ 780

ascribed to Cobbett's vulgarity and defective education ; but the same objections cannot be made to Lord Chesterfield, who has considered "Paradise Lost" in nearly the same light. "I confess," says his lordship, "that I cannot possibly read Milton through. Not having the honour to be acquainted with any of the parties in his poem, except the man and the woman, the characters and speeches of a dozen or two of angels, and of as many devils, are as much above my reach as my entertainment. Keep this secret; for if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant, and every *solid* divine in England."—*Letter 259*. See *Voltaire's Candide*, chap. 25.

\* "Ces sujets plaisent naturellement aux hommes ; ils aiment ce qui leur paraît terrible ; ils sont comme les enfans, qui écoutent avidement ces contes de Sorcieres et de Revenans qui les effrayent. Il y a des fables pour tout âge, et il n'y a point de nation qui n'ait eu les siennes."—*Essay sur le Poesie Epique*.

† "And Rabshakah said, Hath my master sent me to thy master, and to thee, to speak these words ? Hath he not sent me to the men that sit upon the wall, that they may eat their own dung and drink their own piss with you?"—Isaiah xxxvi. And this, being a delicate morsel, is again inserted in the *sacred* book, 2 Kings xviii.

‡ And why shouldn't they ? Chacun à son gout. The swinish multitude lick their gills with such holy grub, we are informed, in the eastern parts of the world, and no good reason can be assigned why they should not in the western, if they are so disposed. Why should not the contents of the close-stools of the most reverend and right

"Tis only typical—dung means hot pies,  
And piss means claret, seen with proper eyes.

Oh, silly biped ! Rochester was right ;  
You shut your ears to truth, your eyes to light :  
In spite of Nature's friendly admonition,  
You curse yourselves, and plunge into perdition.  
A *four-legg'd* beast who would not rather be ?  
From such sophisticated reason free :  
They follow all the instinct of their natures,  
And are, compared with man, the wiser creatures : 790  
*They* can't be made the miserable tools  
Of *church* and *state*, like us poor two-legg'd fools.\*

reverend daddies in the Lord be as sweet, relishing, and sanative, as those of the Grand Lama, and his holy crew of lickspittles ? For *he* could not be supposed prolific enough to furnish *q. s.* from his own sacred *civet*-box to satisfy the ravenous maws of his loving subjects, who purchase it at an extravagant price, dried and grated, to regale with on holidays and grand festivals, when it is brought forth and considered as an exquisite delicacy and "*bonne bouche, pour faire les viandes plus piquant.*" Oh che gusto !! "*Apellez-vous ceci foire, bren, merde, matiere fecale ? C'est Saphran d'Hibernia!*"—*Rabelais*. See *Independent Whig*, iii. 133 ; *L'Esprit*, 157 ; and *Notes to Hudibras*, ii. 304 : also *Volney*, 331, and *Questions*, viii. 225, upon this very important subject.

\* " Brutes find out where their talents lie :

A bear will not attempt to fly ;  
A founder'd horse will oft debate  
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate ;  
A dog, by instinct, turns aside,  
Whene'er he sees the ditch too wide ;  
But man we find the only creature,  
Who, led by folly, combats Nature—  
Who, when *she* loudly cries forbear,  
Fixes with obstinacy there."—*Swift's Rhapsody*.

The parson's dismal fire and brimstone tale  
 To *four-legg'd* cattle is of no avail.  
 (And no priest e'er was known so great a sot,  
 As go to work where nothing's to be got.)  
*They* cannot have their skulls mud-cramm'd by priests ;  
 No hells or bugaboos will frighten beasts :  
 No craft can make these four-legg'd soul-less things,  
 Fall on their knees to worship priests and kings ; 800  
 The adoration kings and priests expect  
 Is from proud man, who boasts his intellect.

Yes, that's his boast ; the slang we daily hear :  
 The *mind* now *marches*—like a grenadier !  
 Oh, glorious, wond'rous “ march of intellect ! ”  
 From YAHOO's brains what may we not expect ?  
*Mind marches* now ; when thro' that it has got,  
 'Twill go the next stage at a gentle trot ;  
 Then set off at a gallop, reach the goal,  
 And prove the YAHOO's body is all soul ! 810  
 That *then* he'll be, tho' doubted heretofore,  
 Like Homer's vengeful hornet, “ soul all o'er.”\*  
 Who'll then deny the biped's capability ?  
 Or say he cannot reach perfectibility ?  
 Who'll *then* deny, unless they're gravel-blind,  
 O'er matter the omnipotence of mind ?

Our great improvement now's our daily boast,  
 And verifies the proverb—little roast !

\* “ So burns the vengeful hornet, soul all o'er.”—*Pope*.

But do these empty boasters ever prate  
 Of "march of intellect" in church and state ? 820  
 In these essentials what is ever done  
 To show us that the "mind is marching on?"  
 Those who contrive to keep the YAHOO blind,  
 Are always prating about "march of mind."  
 In law or gospel does it stir a peg ?  
 Oh, no ! it there has got a broken leg.  
 Do not the Jew-book and law jargon show,  
 We're what we were five hundred years ago ?  
 The youthful mind, with godly catlap fed,  
 Is bored with what the Lord to Moses said ; 830  
 (For Moses and the Lord were very great,  
 And gossip'd like old women *tête-à-tête* ;  
 Till poor Lord Moses,\* falling in disgrace,  
 Was not allow'd to see Jehovah's face ;  
 Tho' still permitted his *back parts* to view,†  
 And cock his quizzing-glass up at his *Cul.*)  
 The holy Bible therefore is the book  
 Where young and old should for instruction look.  
 Then hug thy "*Scripture*," YAHOO never doubt it ; 840  
 You'd tumble headlong in the PIT without it :  
 For tho' it isn't in the Ghost's handwriting,  
 The parsons all declare 'tis his inditing.

\* "Lord Moses," forsooth ! Yes, he is so dubb'd by Joshua (Numbers xi.): the *lordliness* and consequence of our right reverend prigs is therefore not so much to be wondered at.

† "And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend, 'And thou shalt see my *back parts*, but my face shall not be seen.' " Exod. xxxiii.—See *Clarke's Critical Review*, 37.



What inspiration glows in ev'ry line !  
 Aby gat Iky !—isn't that divine ?  
 Then Iky begat Jacob ; Jacob, Joe ;  
 And Joe begat——read Scripture, and you'll know.  
 (No wonder they were dubb'd a " chosen nation,"  
 Being such dabs at holy propagation,)  
 Of wond'rous things beside that " came to pass ;" 850  
 Of kings turn'd oxen, and then turn'd to grass :\*  
*As how* a fiery cab and horses flew  
 From kingdom-come to fetch a conj'ring Jew ;†  
 Of evangelic tales of cocks and bulls,  
 And snakes and codlings, fit for *gobemouche* gulls ;  
 Of Noah's ark, a pious rigmarole,‡  
 Or, as Tim says, " a choice tale, fath and sole !"§  
 Then, for old women, there's a bouncing tale  
 Of Jonah in the belly of the whale !

\* " And Nebuchadnezzar was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen."—Dan. iv.

† " And it came to pass, as they still went on and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder ; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."—2 Kings ii. 11.

‡ " If the Devil would but exert himself," says De Foe, " as an historian, for our improvement and diversion, what a glorious account he could give us of Noah's voyage round the world in his famous ark ! He could resolve all difficulties about the building, and provisioning of it, for the different creatures ; and also inform us whether the animals offered themselves as volunteers for the voyage, or whether he went a hunting for them," &c.—*History of the Devil*.

§ Foote's " Knights."

|| " And Jonah was in the belly of the whale three days and three nights."

" The great fish that swallowed up Jonah, surrendered him again without hurting a hair of his head, or even charging him any thing

With jaw-bone Sampson, humbugg'd by his doxies, 860  
 Who fastened tail to tail three hundred foxes !\*  
 Poor Jerry's " old cast clouts " and " naughty figs ; " †  
 Elisha's bears ; ‡ the Devil and the pigs ; §

for his three days' lodging." *Vindiciæ Magogianæ*.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

" Then, for a pretty Bible tale,  
 Have'n't you one about a whale,  
 That swallow'd Jonah ? Tho' the Jew  
 Had such rank flesh he made him sp . . "

*Homer Burlesqued.*

\* " And Sampson said, With the jaw-bone of an ass have I slain a thousand men." This was certainly pretty good *smiting*, especially for a Lord Judge. No wonder he was weary and thirsty, since, at the rate of one a minute (and allowing the Philistines to have had paper skulls, it could not have been well done in less time), it would have required seventeen hours to get through the job, without any time for rest or refreshment ! But what a dab at fox-hunting this Lord Judge must have been to catch 300 ! and then tie them tail to tail, that they might run the better !! No wonder such a Lord Judge was *diddled* by *Dally*.\*

† " And he said unto Jeremiah, Put these old cast clouts and rotten rags under thine arm-holes, &c.—One basket had very good figs, and the other basket had very *naughty* figs."—Jerem. xxxviii.

‡ " And there came forth little children, and mocked him, and said, Go up, thou bald-head ! And Elisha cursed them in the name of the Lord " (one should have thought it was in the name of the Devil) ; " and there came two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them."—2 Kings ii.

A proper punishment for snotty brats, who called the Lord's conjuror bald-pate. But what a crusty cock of a prophet ! Didn't he know that of such was the kingdom of heaven ? Though perhaps they may learn better manners when they are there, otherwise they might have called him *bald-pate* again when they met with him in the upper gallery, where we may presume he could have found no *she-bears* to *tare* them.

§ " Then went the devils out of the man, and entered into the swine." We are not informed (which is much to be regretted) at

• " And he judged Israel in the days of the Philistines twenty years."—Judges.

A talking jackass, next—blind Balaam's Neddy,\*  
 Who to the prophet's thwacks replied so ready :  
 Then, for quack-doctors what a charming prize,  
 There's clay and spittle-salve to cure sore eyes !†  
 Lot's rib of salt, with his two brimstone jades,  
 Who were so terrified at being maids‡

which door, front or back, these devils trotted into the pigs' apartments, though it is most likely it was at the postern gate, as they were hardly such spooneys as to run the risk of being guillotined by trying for admission at the *snout*-door ; besides, they could so much easier slip out at the *back*-door, when they were surfeited with chitterlings and pig's-fry, and bilk their landlords.

\* “ And Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with a staff ; and the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she\* said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me ? And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me. And the ass said unto Balaam, Am I not thine ass ? ” What a holy and edifying confab ! It is a pity the Lord does not open the jaws of the poor animals at present, that they might threaten the brutal Christian *Yahoo* drivers with the “ wrath to come ” for their infernal cruelty.

† “ And he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay.”—John ix.†

‡ “ And Lot's wife looked back, and she became a pillar of salt.”—Gen. xix. Saint Irenæus (what saints !) says the wife of Lot remains “ dans le pays de Sodome, non plus en chair corréptible, mais en statue de sel permanent, et montrant par ses parties naturelle les effets ordinaires.” Tertullian (another of the gabbling gang called *Fathers of the Church*), in his poem on this very delicate and important subject, says,

“ Dicitur et vivens alio sub corpore sexus

Mirifice solito dispungere sanguine menses.”

Doctor South has observed, in speaking of the Apocalypse, that if it did not find the reader mad, it always left him so ; but may not the same be said, with great truth, of the whole bundle of inspired trash, which fills half the mad-houses in Europe ?

\* Some caviller will perhaps observe that Balaam's ass was a *Jenny*, and should not have been spoken of as a *Jackey* ; but a “ poetica licentia ” should be now and then allowed in discussing such holy affairs.

† See Woolston's humorous remarks in his 4th Discourse.

They made their old dad groggy—how sublime ! 870  
 Children should read such godly books in time.  
 Oh, blessed Scripture ! what a heav'nly treasure  
 For those who read, and can reflect at leisure !  
 What squabbling tribes of “ *tites*, and *ites*, and *bites* !”  
 Uzzites, Hittites, Moabites, and Gir-go-shites !  
 How edifying ! Then what chaste discourses  
 Of ladies who, for sweethearts, talk of horses !\*  
 Oh shame where is thy blush ! Here's godly reading,  
 To teach young girls at boarding-school good *breeding* !†  
 (From whence sent to their *ma*'s, accomplish'd quite,  
 They read the “ word of God” on Sunday night ;)  
 Zekiel's *bonne-bouche*, too ! which the dainty Jew  
 Turn'd up his nose at, saying he should sp . . : ‡  
 Why couldn't this old Tyke have lunch'd in quiet,  
 Said grace, and lick'd his gills, for such choice diet ?  
 Then Davy, how superlatively good !  
 Who wish'd to wash his pettitoes in blood !

\* “ For she doated upon their paramours, whose flesh is as the flesh of asses, and whose issue is like the issue of horses.”—Ezek. xxiii.

† See the pompous *Prospectus* of Mrs. Grant's establishment at Park-house, Croydon ; in which Mrs. G. observes (among other frothy stuff) that the “ church and scriptural catechisms, with the *records* of the Holy Bible, are deeply impressed on the tender minds of the young ladies committed to her care, by constant study and written exercises.”

‡ “ And thou shalt *eat* it as barley-cakes, and thou shalt *bake* it with dung that cometh out of man in their sight. Then said I, Ah, Lord God ! behold, my soul hath not been polluted.”—Ezek. iv. We may observe, that, owing no doubt to the extreme *delicacy* of the translators, the word *bake* is substituted for *eat*. The original, or at least the Latin text, is, “ Placentem autem hordei quam *comedes* ipsam stereoribus excrementi humani, parato in oculis illorum.”



And that the bow-wows running in the street  
 Might lick the blood from off his holy feet ! \*  
 Blest Davy ! “ after God’s own heart ” the man ! 890  
 Who put Uriah in the battle’s van,  
 And got his rib ; † but this displeased the Lord,  
 Who by the parish conj’ror sent him word,  
 That on the *house-top* his seraglio  
 Should with his neighbour be a public show,  
 Before *all Israel*, and before the sun ;  
 (Which, no doubt, caused the old-clothes mob much fun.)  
 A prophet, next, comes tramping thro’ the streets, ‡  
 Bare-buttock’d, telling all the girls he meets  
 That he had been with child, and brought forth wind, §  
 Which sounded like a harp (perhaps behind) ; ||

\* “ That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same.”—Psalm lxviii.

† “ Thus saith the Lord, I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them to thy neighbour, and he shall lie with thy wives in the sight of the sun ; for thou didst it secretly, but I will do *this thing* before all Israel, and before the sun. (Pretty stuff for the Lord to jabber about !) So they spread Absalom a tent upon the top of the house, and Absalom *went in* (how delicate !) unto his father’s concubines, in the sight of *all Israel*.” (Only *ten ladies*.) Bravo, little Aby ! No wonder his dad fretted after him so, when he was caught by his ragged locks to the tree. In the prophecy his *neighbour* was to lie with his wives : it is fulfilled by his *son* lying with his concubines. *Mais c’est egal*—it’s all holy in the eyes of the Bible-grubbers. A \*\*\*\*s as good for a sow as a pancake.—See *Clarke’s Review*.

‡ “ And the Lord said, Like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot three years, &c.—So shall the king of Assyria lead away the Egyptians prisoners and captives, young and old, *naked* and barefoot, even with their *buttocks* uncovered.”—Isaiah xx.

§ “ We have been with child, we have been in pain, we have as it were brought forth wind.”—Isaiah xxvi.

|| “ Wherefore my bowels shall sound like an harp.”—Isaiah xvi.

And that if ladies rigg'd themselves so fine,  
 And put rings in their snouts, like filthy swine,  
 The Lord would smite 'em all with scabby nobs,  
 And (what's more shocking) show their thingumbobs.\*

Such is the Christian YAHOO's holy treasure,  
 Which yields knaves profit, and gives idiots pleasure!  
 Since Holy Bible reading is the taste,  
 No wonder all our females are so chaste.  
 Can ribaldry like this be edifying, 910  
 So full of smiting, smuttiness, and lying?  
 What holy hogwash for a *chosen* nation!  
 Is such a book the turnpike to salvation?  
 Can such disgusting stuff be deem'd "God's word?"  
 Or such humgruffins fav'rites with the Lord?  
 Such filthy cannibals, who hadn't sense  
 To hide their UNCLEAN THINGS, which gave offence;  
 Till Moses bid them dig a hole and hide 'em,†  
 Because the Lord, he said, could not abide 'em;

\* "Moreover, the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go: therefore the Lord will smite with a SCAB the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their SECRET PARTS; and the Lord will take away their rings and their nose-jewels; and instead of a sweet smell there shall be a stink."—Isaiah iii.

† "And thou shalt have a paddle upon thy weapon, and it shall be, when thou wilt *ease* thyself abroad, thou shalt dig therewith, and shalt turn back and cover (very cleanly!) *that* which cometh from thee."—Exodus xxxii. "For the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp; therefore shalt thy camp be holy, that he see no UNCLEAN THING in thee, and turn away from thee."—Deut. xxiii.

And didn't wish, while lounging in their tents, 920  
 To be regaled with such ambrosial scents :  
 For where such lollypops were strew'd about,  
 It smelt like *modern Athens*, there's no doubt.  
 Oh, Moses, Moses ! wherefore *Mister Moses* ? \*  
 Didst thou not in their tansies rub their noses ?  
 Since nasty curs, the connoisseurs all say,  
 If you repeat the dose, are cured that way.  
 Thou should'st have serv'd such stinkards puppy-  
     fashion, †  
 For putting *Goramity* in a passion.  
 No wonder, worried by such unlick'd bears, 930  
 The Lord so often like a trooper swears. ‡

Angelic *ΥΑΗΟΟ* ! § tho' thy form's divine,  
 Thy intellect denotes thee but a swine :  
 Cajoled and fleeced by church and state combin'd,  
 Yet proudly prating of thy "march of mind !"

If trash like this can for religion pass,  
 Cudgell'd and kick'd thou shouldst be for an Ass.

But tho' the *ΥΑΗΟΟ* with this Bible stuff  
 Is to the gullet cramm'd, 'tis not enough  
 To stifle reason ; and to garble truth, 940  
 A vampire tribe beset him from his youth ;

\* "O, Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?"

† St. John the divine differs in opinion with *Mister Moses* ; since he says, (Revelation xxii.) "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

‡ "How long will this people provoke me ?"—Numb. xiv. "Unto whom I swear in my wrath," &c.

§ "In action how like an angel."—*Hamlet*.

Well knowing if they could not keep him blind,  
 They could no longer *holy* plunder find :  
 Hence youth are pester'd morning, noon, and eve,  
 With 'chart in heaven,\* *Grace*, and *I believe* ; †  
 Then, lest the head should be from lumber freed,  
 'Tis *bother'd* with an Athanasian Creed ;  
 Hymns, tracts, and liturgies, complete the *twaddle*,  
 And leave the YANHO a well-furnish'd noddle.

But LAW contributes, law may claim a share 950  
 In making *godlike* YANHOOS what they are. ‡

\* *Chart* in heaven, is the gabble of children morning and evening ; and snuffled over with their *I bleve*, or *suffry dunder*, to the great edification of the brats, and delight of their parents, who would be quite horrified if this unmeaning stuff was neglected. The *Grace* is snuffled over, that the Lord may *sanctify* the *prog* for their use, and themselves to the Lord's *sarvice*. (What the Devil *sarvice* can they render the Lord !) But why is this mummerly omitted at breakfast and tea ? Are those refreshments not worth thanking the Lord for ? And why is not *Grace* said upon certain occasions, at bed-time ? Surely, says Voltaire, "une belle femme vaut bien un souper !" And to beg of the Lord to "sanctify these *creatures* to our use," would be a very rational and appropriate petition at such times.

† Few governments wish for enlightened subjects. "Train a child in the way he should go ;" *i. e.* brutalize him, in order to render him abject and subservient, and then upbraid him with his brutality. Tie a tin kettle to a dog's tail, and set up the cry of mad-dog, and he will soon get his brains knocked out. Priests, from their supposed sanctity, have, unfortunately, acquired such an ascendancy in society, that they may be considered as the principal springs and levers in all governments. "Church and state" is the general cry (church first, as the most influential) ; and it has ever been the grand undeviating maxim of the church to "train up a child in the way he should go."

‡ It appears as if the *Lamb*, alias the blessed Redeemer, had conceived a very unfavourable opinion of the latitat tribe (who, it is very



The law and church together are combined,  
 And trot on cheek by jowl, the rest to blind.  
 For CHURCH and STATE, bawls every *learned brother*,  
 And one grand humbug countenances 'tother.\*  
 For right or wrong, they plead with equal glee,  
 "C'est tout egal," their object is the Fee.  
 In all the mummery of gown and wig,  
 See on the Bench an antiquated prig;  
 How like a wond'rous oracle he prates, 960  
 Directing Gotham jury's addled pates;  
 Quotes Coke and Hale, and Littleton and Selden,†  
 (All wonders in their day like our great E———)  
 Who framed wise laws to check the horrid evil  
 Of being "instigated by the devil."‡  
 Oh! what wise ancestors! what legislators!  
 Dame Nature surely meant them for bull-baiters.

*possible*, were in his time but a shabby set), or he would not have expressed himself with such bitterness in speaking of them: for example, "And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers. Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge."—Luke x. 46. 52.

\* This double-headed monster has always fed upon the vitals of society, and having an insatiable maw, though overgorged, is like the grave, continually crying more, more.

† In the present so-much-boasted "age of intellect," we hear these authorities quoted as prodigies of wisdom and excellence; yet this *great* Sir Matthew Hale condemned several poor old women to the gallows for witchcraft.

‡ The ridiculous fudge from our enlightened ancestors, in the preamble to all criminal indictments, and still kept up as an illustration of the *spread*.

Laws upon laws against imagined crimes ;  
 All well adapted to *enlighten'd* times !  
 Their grave import each learned blockhead feels, 970  
 By deodands on horses and cart-wheels.\*  
 Ordeals, magic, laws for hanging witches,†  
 And throwing women into ponds and ditches !

\* “ Deodand (deo dandum), a thing devoted to God for expiation of his wrath, or to atone for the violent death of a man by misadventure.”—*Bailey*. Jacob’s Law Dictionary says, “given, or rather forfeited to God for the pacification of his wrath.” Is it any wonder our *venerable* ancestors are so highly extolled ? A poor old woman being deaf, or perhaps drunk, is run over by a cart, when the *wheel* is given to the great Jehovah to appease his wrath ! What has provoked his wrath ? Oh divine Yahoo ! “ In apprehension how like a god !”

† By the express command of the holy bugaboo, (Exod. xxii. 18.) and Levit. xx. 17.) wizards and witches are to be put to death ; and upon this *holy* authority the British Solomon founded his Dæmonology, of which the following is an extract :

*Question*.—“ What forme of punyshment thinke ye merites magiciens and witches ?

*King*.—“ They ought to be put to deathe, according to the law of God.

*Question*.—“ But what kynde of deathe I pray you ?

*King*.—“ It is commonly by fyre.

*Question*.—“ But ought no sex, age, nor rank to be excused ?

*King*.—“ None at all —.”

So much for the wisdom and humanity of this precious “ Lord’s anointed :” no wonder he has been held up as a prodigy by the clergy, who have always profited by the ignorance and barbarity of the people, and who still sanction and justify, from *holy* writ, the continuance of such atrocities in the remote parts of the country, as far as they are able. This *royal pitoyable*, in the conference at Hampton Court, jabbered so much to the purpose, that Archbishop Whitgift, (who, as Lord Bolingbroke observes, died soon after, and most probably doated then,) declared that “ verily the king spake by the spirit of God.” It appears from some letters in the Harleian Mss. that

For it was soon discover'd by their swimming,  
 Whether they witches were, or mere old women.  
 Then searching them for private teats, to show  
 Whether they suckled Beelzebub or no !\*  
 Wager of battle laws ! and some (what sport !)  
 Sent ladies riding on a ram in court !†  
 Stick-chopping sheriffs proving themselves able ; 980  
 And lord mayors counting hobnails on a table !‡

Such were our great great grand-dads ! what a breed !  
 From whom our great “ mind-marching ” race proceed.  
 No wonder YAHOOs boast their genealogy,  
 Or rave about the humbug of phrenology ;  
 By which great doctors, (Splitskull, Fudge, and Co. }  
 From bumps upon the nob can plainly show }  
 Whether the boy will be a thief or no. }

*Jammie* had a very thick skull (which was found also to be the case with the *great* Greek professor, Porson). “ They could hardly,” says the letter to Sir William Hollonde, “ break it open with a chisel and a saw, and so full of brains, as they could not, upon the opening, keep them from spilling ; a great proof of his infinite judgement.”—*Relics of Literature*, 226. See Bishop Jewell’s vehement admonition to Queen Elizabeth to prosecute witches and sorcerers with severity : from which, and other similar remonstrances by the church gang, witchcraft and enchantment were made felony soon after ; and in the year 1612, nineteen poor wretches were tried at Lancaster for witchcraft, ten of whom were condemned and executed.

\* It was the usual practice to strip the poor women for this purpose ; and also to prick them with pins, or scratch them with brambles, to see if they would bleed.

† See this explained in Bailey’s Dictionary, word *Free-bench*.

‡ See an excellent burlesque on the wise laws and customs of our ancestors in Goldsmith’s 13th Essay.

For if nobs on the sconce so guide the mind,  
 The fingers will to pilf'ring be inclined. 990  
 Thus destined to the *drop* he cannot shun it,  
 The cursed bumps upon his nob have done it.

Oh, intellect! how far and wide's thy *spread*!  
 Fermenting in each lubber's loggerhead.  
 Not only is it shown on skulls by bumps,  
 But also in fool's tricks, hops, skips, and jumps!  
 All hail Gymnastics! (ass tricks) what a sight!  
 Boys walking on their heads, their heels upright!  
 What joy to see his sons, the parent feels;  
 Bending Sea-crabs, and turning Cath'rine wheels.  
 Will climbing ladders backwards, leaping ditches,  
 And playing such fool's antics bring in riches?  
 A money-getting itch 'tis, no doubt, stirs 'em;  
 Oh brilliant trio! Voelker, Gall, and Spurzheim!  
 While each one for a prodigy now passes,  
 Who'd ever think of "writing them down asses?"\*  
 Their sapient followers, one and all, indeed,  
 Might be set down with truth, of long-ear'd breed.

Hail glorious age! when science so abounds,  
 That our sea-captains give a dozen pounds 1010  
 To purchase a child's caul, as then they know  
 They can't to Davy Jones's locker go.†

\* "Oh, that he were but here to write me down an ass."—*Shakespeare*.

† Another striking proof of the *march*! In the most respectable journals, advertisements are every day inserted announcing children's *cauls* for sale, at from £10 to £20 each; which are purchased by



And when in Norway, seek for some old hag,  
 Of whom they buy a slip of scarlet rag ;  
 Which being fasten'd to the vessel's masts,  
 Saves the sea-lubbers from all adverse blasts.

But there's the stage ! does that co-operate,  
 And furnish lumber for the YAHOO's pate ?  
 Oh yes ! the theatre itself is made  
 A kind of hot-bed for the humbug trade : 1020  
 When ghosts and goblins are personified,  
 The audience, one and all, are horrified ;  
 The "ad captandam vulgus" is a ghost,  
 Which touches YAHOOs' tender feelings most ;  
 For tho' such grim hobgoblins yield delight,  
 They at the same time cause a dreadful fright,\*  
 And strike with terror, more than pulpit prosing,  
 Which lulls the congregation oft to dozing ;  
 Hence parsons all, of every age and size,  
 Are ever puffing Shakspeare to the skies ; 1030  
 Convinced his pale-faced ghosts with bloody sconces,  
 Will cause most terror to priest-ridden dunces.  
 Hence Shakspeare mania, every dolt can quote,  
 From his puff'd plays, whole sentences by rote :  
 While those who hear the ranting, at each line,  
 Cry out, " How charming ! Oh, that's very fine !"

captains of ships as sure preservatives against drowning ! Bits of scarlet rags are also bought by the same wiseacres (chiefly Greenland captains) of old women, supposed witches in Norway, for the purpose of procuring favourable winds in returning home !

\* " How odd a single hobgoblin's non-entity  
 Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity."

*Lord Byron.*

Nor less delighted are the YANNOO rabble,  
 To hear the witches round their kettle gabble.\*  
 Of mixing toad and blood of bat together,  
 With grease scrap'd from the gallows in hot weather.  
 And putting in, with other filth to stew,  
 "Turk's nose, frog's toes, and liver of a Jew."  
 Then stirring it nine times to brew up trouble;  
 Or in their jargon, "make the hell-broth bubble."  
 Is it a wonder hags and ghosts affright,  
 When such bombast is spouted every night.†  
 Then while the hags sink down before his eyes,  
 To see Macbeth gape up toward the skies,  
 And give, amidst his "start, and stare, and stagger,"‡  
 A flying leap to catch the "air-drawn dagger!" 1050  
 But Banquo's ghost's the thing, when pale as death,  
 He up the trap-door pops to scare Macbeth;

\* Could any one suppose an audience, boasting their rationality, could sit to hear, much more to take delight in, such disgusting gibberish, hardly fit for a *Bartlemy-fair* mob.

Very few writers, excepting Rymer and Cobbett, have ventured to point out the absurdities of the *divine* bard, which indeed is considered as petty treason; the latter however speaks out boldly. "After his ghosts, witches, sorcerers, fairies, and monsters; after his bombast, and puns, and smut, what is it can make a nation admire Shakspeare? What is it that can make them call him a divine bard (superstition), nine-tenths of whose works are made up of such trash as any decent man would be ashamed to put his name to? The time will undoubtedly come, when the whole of this stuff will, by the natural good sense of the nation, be consigned to everlasting oblivion."—*Register*, vol. 34, p. 435.

† See Beauchamp's excellent Analysis, 102.

‡ And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp, and stare."—A line in Cowper's *Task*, describing the Players.

With visage grim, and stiff about the crupper,  
 He squats down with the quality to supper :  
 While they with wonder at each other stare,  
 To hear such ranting at an empty chair.  
 He's raving at the ghost, (which they don't see,)  
 And cries, " Don't shake your gory locks at me."

Since superstition rules the YAHOO most,  
 There's nothing for the parson like a ghost ;\* 1060  
 While he can keep his noodles in a fright,  
 With ghosts, and devils, all will go on right.  
 Is it a wonder then that such a scribe  
 Should be a fav'rite with the humbug tribe !

That Shakspeare copied Nature is the cry ;  
 But Nature may be copied in her sty :  
 As Voltaire once remark'd by his *derriere*,  
 Which, tho' 'twas Nature, he wrapt up with care.

Does Nature prompt Othello's blackguard roar—†  
 " Villain, be sure you prove my wife a whore !"‡ 1070

\* Every parson endeavours to inculcate a belief in ghosts and witches, as tending to perpetuate fear and ignorance, their grand and only supporters. Crabbe confesses their utility, and classes unbelievers with ruffians in the true spirit of Christian charity.

" Each village inn has heard the ruffian boast,

That he believ'd in neither God nor ghost."—*Parish Register*.  
 All which is riveted by the blessed Jew-book, where Samuel's ghost is adverted to as a knock-you-down argument, if you demur.

† See the excellent remarks upon this Blackamoor's rant in Rymer's "Short View of Tragedy," and also on the absurdities of Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*.

‡ The following lines are in part extracted from the Epilogue to the *Clandestine Marriage*. A party after quitting the card-table begin discoursing on the plays of Shakspeare :—

To murder Desdemona, and then tell,  
 In language Billingsgate can not excel,  
 “She’s like a liar gone to burn in hell!”  
 And can such ribaldry, such vulgar stuff  
 Give pleasure? yes, ’tis Shakspeare’s—that’s enough:  
 To find fault with *his* plays is petty treason;  
 We must not bring them to the test of reason:  
 They’re meant, like other precious stuff, for cramming in  
 The YANOO’s empty pate without examining.

Who’d sit to hear such trash as Cymbeline, 1080  
 Were it not Shakspeare’s? *then* its very fine!  
 How poor Iachimo must sweat and fume,  
 Coop’d in his box, while in the lady’s room!  
 Suppose, while button’d up for this strange frolic,  
 He had been troubled with the windy cholic!

*Sir P. Mahoney*.—“King Lare is touching! and how fine to see  
 Ould Hamlet’s ghost! To be or not to be!  
 What are your op’ras to Othello’s roar?  
 Oh! he’s an angel of a Blackamoor!

*Lord Minum*.—What when he choaks his wife?

*Col. Trill*.

And calls her whore?

*Sir Pat*.

King Richard calls his horse—and then Macbeth,  
 Who talks of murder till he’s out of breath!  
 My blood runs cowl’d at every syllable;

*Lord Min.*

And then he spies a dagger—

*Col. Trill*.

That’s invisible!

*Sir Pat*.

Oh! botheration! how could he suppose  
 A bloody dagger dangled at his nose?  
 And jump to catch it!

*Col. Trill*.

Had it been a dagger

He might have cut his thumb!

*Lord Min.*

And spoil’d his swagger.”

[*All laugh.*]

See an excellent burlesque of this Tom-a-Bedlam foolery in the  
 “Rejected Addresses.”



How the poor lady in her bed must funk  
At hearing loud explosions in the trunk !

Next Shylock comes, a cannibal old Jew,  
Who claims a pound of flesh, by bond his due.  
No words his savage rancour can assuage, 1090  
He brings his weights and scales upon the stage ;  
Then whets his knife to cut it in the sight  
Of Christian Yahoos, to their great delight.\*

Behold King Lear, who raves in his oration,  
For musk to sweeten his imagination.†  
Why what has tainted it ? the reader cries ;  
Ask ladies, who praise Shakspeare to the skies.

See Hamlet's hair (or wig) stand bolt upright,‡  
Like quills upon the porcupine, with fright ;

\* How such horrible and disgusting stuff can be delighted in is astonishing ! It serves however to keep up animosity, and exasperate one class of citizens against another, by which they are all more easily managed and kept in subjection. Divide and conquer is the grand *sine qua non* of all governments, without exception.

† "Down from the waist they are centaurs, though women all above ; but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell—there's darkness—there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption : fie, fie, fie ; pah, pah : give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination !" There's a neat genteel speech for royalty to spout !

‡ The tragedy performers in Pope's time wore enormous Caxons ; Cibber tells us his *jasey* cost him forty guineas !

"———what made the people stare ?  
Cato's great wig."

His daddy's ghost comes all in armour drest 1100  
 (A queer ghost's jacket it must be confess'd) :  
 "Angels," he cries, "and ministers of grace,"  
 In horror at the phantom's powder'd face :  
 But when the bugaboo down stairs has got,  
 He cracks his jokes with it—his fright's forgot ;  
 And while the spectre under-ground cries "Swear !"  
 Says, "Ha ! old Truepenny, what art thou there !"

These are rough sketches of our fav'rite plays,  
 That yield such raptures, and obtain such praise :  
 From such choice specimens of Shakspeare's pages,  
 Is it a wonder Shakspeare-mania rages ?  
 Such fustian hodge-podge, hatch'd from childish tales,  
 Where ghosts, and hags, and mummery prevails,  
 Are well adapted for a Yorkshire fair,  
 To make clodhopping bumpkins grin and stare :  
 But in this boasted *intellectual* age,  
 To bring such trumpery upon the stage.  
 In London, too ! the seat of art and science,  
 To set all common sense so at defiance !  
 To puff th' *immortal bard* up to the sky,\* 1120  
 Shows Yahoos are but babes, tho' six feet high ;

\* No manufacturer of bombast, or rattle-bladder trash, has ever been so wonderfully *puffed* up or extolled as the *immortal* Shakspeare. But as poor Sancho observes, "there's never a why, but there's a wherefore." By the Vampire tribe he is held up as a prodigy, from the great service he has rendered *them* by his personifications of ghosts and phantoms ; and by the Yahoos in general, from his having beplastered them so *neatly* ! "Caw me, caw thee ;" but *hear him*, as

And that 'tis raree-shows they most delight in,  
With Punch and Judy, and the Devil fighting.

Survey the biped race in ev'ry state,  
The rich, the poor, the vulgar, and the great ;  
In what class or condition can we trace,  
The "little less than angel" in the race ?\*  
But what are angels ? lubbers with goose wings !  
What nonsense, a great poet sometimes sings.

See the poor sailor dragg'd out like a dog, 1130  
To murder, or be murder'd, for king Log.†

they cry in a certain kennel, when any hon. *gemman* is spouting forth nonsense.

"What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason !\* how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals !" Bravo, the divine bard ! *Voila un cajoleur par excellence ! !* He does the thing handsomely, and dabs it on pretty thick, but it all sticks ! The *Yahoo's* vanity has stomach for it all. No wonder, after such a luscious lollypop they should dub him *divine*, and so incessantly bellow forth his wonderful knowledge of human nature.—Blarney for ever !

\* It is much to be regretted that Pope has not explained to us what angels were. It would have amused us to know how they spend their time when they have done singing and trumpeting ; whether they fly about with their goose wings stuck on their shoulders, what are their wants, and how they are gratified ; whether they eat and drink, &c. ; and whether, if they do, it all transpires in ambrosial perspiration ; or whether there's a necessity for a "wha wants me ?"—See *Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. 7.

† "I own," says Chesterfield to his son, "that I have a great regard for king Log."

\* Is not this ironical ? If the immortal bard was serious, he was certainly *non-compos—reason* and whitewashing with *lamb's blood* do not well assimilate.

On board a floating-hell he's haul'd to fight,\*  
 And neither knows nor cares who's wrong or right:†  
 He takes his quid and grog, and damns his eyes,  
 Till by a chain-shot cut in two he dies.  
 Or see the martial hero glory seek,  
 Urged on by fame, and eighteen-pence a week :‡  
 With colours flying they all march in order,  
 Told by the parson "killing is no murder."  
 Thousands of strutting *godlike* YAHOO heroes 1140  
 March out to fight, to please two royal Nero's ;

\* Black floating-hells was the name given by the Americans to our men of war during the revolution, in which they so happily succeeded.

† Copenhagen and Navarino, for example.

‡ "Ou trouver des hommes qui pour 5 ou 6 sous par jour affrontent dans les combats, la mort, ou les maladies, s'ils avoient le sens commun." (The pay of the Russian cut-throats is about 2s. 6d. per month.)—See *Erasmus de la Folie*, p. 45.

"One to destroy is murder by the law,  
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;  
 To murder thousands takes a specious name,  
 War's *glorious* art, and gives immortal fame.—*Young*.

For a true portrait of the *Yahoo* in all his brilliancy and *godlike* heroism, the reader is referred to the description of the battle between the two frigates, in Lieutenant Smith's "Sailors and Saints," where he is delineated in the full indulgence of his butchering propensity, covered with *gore* and *glory*. Surely the *Yahoo* must smell of blood in the next world, if he is not well-scoured with the soap-suds of regeneration, and purified by the "new birth unto righteousness." What can the Devil want such blood-hounds for ? *Mais taisez vous*—they're *jolly tars*.

"The cunning of mankind," says Arbuthnot, "never exerts itself so much as in their arts of destroying one another."—See *Swift's Brobdignag*, chap. 7, where their ingenuity in this particular is well described.

"Les plus *honnêtes* gens apprirent à compter parmi leurs devoirs



Who wallow in their styes, while these train'd brutes  
 Are sacrificed to settle their disputes ;  
 And when one-half are killed, the other boasts,  
 How much they're succour'd by the " Lord of Hosts."  
 One side " Te-deum sings, and so does t'other ;\*  
 The Lord has help'd king Log, and king Log's brother.†  
 " God's images" by thousands are at once  
 Killed off‡ to please a " Lord's anointed" dunce !  
 A dunce anointed ! Can legitimates 1150  
 Have, like their stupid subjects, wooden pates ?

celui d'égorger leurs semblables ; on vit les hommes se massacrer par milliers sans savoir pourquoi."—*Rousseau sur l'Inégalité.*

" For soldiers, if they thought aright,  
 Would all as soon be damn'd as fight  
 For kings, who, when they've lost a leg,  
 Will hardly give 'em leave to beg."

*Homer Burlesqued.*

\* " That like the Briton and the Gaul,  
 Both sides may sing, and roar, and bawl,  
 Te-deum, tho' for nought at all ;  
 And tell the Lord a cursed lie,  
 That both have got the victory."—*Homer*, ii. 18.

" Pur da entrambe le parti al Gran Cucù,  
 Di grazie in rendimento a pieno coro  
 Per tai casi usual cantate fu  
 Cert Inno famosissimo tral oro,  
 Che se a memoria ben me le richiamo  
 Incominciò : Te Gran Cucù lodiamo."—*Casti.*

† In all epistolary correspondence between the Lord's anointed, they always subscribe themselves *royal brothers*.

‡ " Killed off" was the usual laconic unfeeling answer of Mr. Windham, then secretary at war, when questioned as to the great deficiencies in the returned skeleton regiments from America. A proof how heroes are appreciated, when they can no longer stand to be shot at.

Yes; blocks alike, they're tutor'd all by priests;\*  
 The only diff'rence is, they're *royal* beasts :  
 Their skulls are stuff'd the same with fee-faw-fum,  
 With hocus-pocus,† hell, and *kingdom-come*.

But still such monarchs, tho' with wooden nobs,  
 Are suited best to wooden-headed mobs,‡  
 Who roar and stretch their ell-wide jaws, and sing  
 For any royal dolt, " God save the king !"§  
 It matters not, tho' made of rotten stuff, 1160  
 If he's the " Lord's anointed," that's enough.||  
 A jackass, 'dizen'd out in robes of state,  
 Let an archbishop but anoint his pate,  
 And dub him sacred, soon would be ador'd—  
 The YAHOO mob would hail him " sovereign lord :"

\* Malheur aux nations qui confient l'éducation de leur citoyens aux pretres," says Helvetius. " Beaucoup mieux vaudroit ne leur en donner aucune." To which may be added the observation of Goldsmith—"The countries where sacerdotal instruction alone is permitted, remain in ignorance, superstition, and slavery."

† A corruption of " hoc est corpus meum," a part of the sacrament gabble : for the consolation of idiots, alias Christians, who make no doubt of being hugged in Abraham's lousy bosom, if they chew a bit of the Lord's body, by way of quid, to comfort themselves with, as they jog along from "this ere world to that ere."

‡ " How goes the mob ? (for that's a mighty thing,)  
 When the king's trump the mob are for the king."

*Dryden.*

§ " Well, if the king's a lion, at the least,  
 The people are a many-headed beast."—*Pope.*

|| " What the Lord sends us surely must be good,  
 Although 'tis but a piece of rotten wood."—*Pindar.*

Most humbly they'd profess themselves to be  
 The vassals of his GRACIOUS majesty ;\*  
 A lubber only fit the crows to scare,  
 Or carry guts to feed a hungry bear :  
 Clap but a tinsel bauble on his sconce, 1170  
 His imperfections vanish all at once ;†  
 He's God's vicegerent, and by right divine  
 Can at his pleasure flog his herd of swine.

The Jews, we're by the Lord's lieutenant told,‡  
 Worshipp'd a calf, that Aaron made, of gold ;§  
 For which, as in the holy book 'tis written,  
 Three thousand of the snipcock race were smitten,

\* If one of these *sacred* noodles vouchsafes to open his *royal* mouth, whatever he utters must be *gracious*, forsooth ! Yes, *most gracious* ! although it should be nothing but a recommendation to a gang of parasites to strip the last shirt from off the backs, and the last penny from the pockets of his loving, swinish subjects, to enable gingerbread-gilt trumpeters to wear laced jackets at £70 a piece ! Is there neither shame nor common-sense any where but in America ?

† “ Prendi uom rozzo e comun, fanne un monarca,  
 Tosto il favor del ciel sopra gli piove ;  
 Tosto divien di sapienza un' arca ;  
 Nella testa di lui s'alloggia Giove.  
 Decide, ordina guidica ; un oracolo  
 Tutto a un tratto divien, pare un miracolo.”—*Casti*.

‡ Moses is so designated by Hobbes.

§ “ And I said unto them, whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off ; so they gave it me : then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf.”—Exod. xxxii. “ And he (Moses) said unto them, Put every man his sword by his side, and go through the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion. And they did so according to the word of Moses ; and there fell of the people that day

While Aaron 'scap'd ! Just as in modern times,  
 The great remain unpunish'd for their crimes.\*  
 But do not Christian YAHOOs every day 1180  
 To golden calves their adoration pay ?†  
 The gin-drench'd rabble always will adore  
 The titled, lordly crew, who keep them poor :‡  
 With equal admiration they all stare  
 At Spain's doll-dresser,§ or a Russian bear ;

about 3000 men."—Exod. xxxii. " And the Lord plagued the people, because *they made* the calf which *Aaron made*."\*—Ibid. This is as clear as mud ; but the ghost, in many instances, seems a thick-skulled one in indicting.

- \* " Small rogues in hempen ropes oft swing,  
 While great ones gain a red silk string :  
 The trade is learn'd in half an hour,  
 To spare the rich and flog the poor."

*Homer Burlesqued.*

- † " Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,  
 The calf ourselves have fashioned we adore :  
 But should true reason once resume her reign,  
 The god will dwindle to a calf again."—*Churchill*.

- ‡ " The dustman in his cart that hourly slaves,  
 Drawn by an ass, the partner of his toils,  
 Is far superior to such titled knaves,  
 In coaches glitt'ring with a nation's spoils."—*Pindar*.

§ This truly *pitoyable* " Lord's anointed" amused himself, during his captivity in France, in working muslin petticoats for a wooden doll, called the Virgin Mary ! A curious specimen of *royal* intellect.

\* If, wherever the words Jehovah, Lord, or God, occurred in the Holy Bible, Beelzebub, or Satan, was substituted instead, it would be consistent at least ; the Jehovah throughout the book at present is a devil to all intents and purposes. But the *Yahoo* requires a *smiting* deity.—E. G. " The word of the Lord is filled with blood."—Isaiah xxxiv. " Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolation he hath made in the earth."—Psalm xl. &c. " For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell."—Deut. xxxii.



Or hug a filthy, stinking Cossack,\* rot 'em,  
And run to hell to kiss a ROYAL bottom.†

Whoe'er would witness folly's highest sport,  
Let him behold a collar-day at court :‡  
Whoe'er would see Tom-fools, may here find plenty ;  
For one they'll see elsewhere, they'll here find twenty.  
See " kings'-at-arms," in all their buckram state !  
What stars and ribands on the childish great !§  
What illustrissimos and excellencies !  
Hung round with colour'd strings, to please their fancies !  
What lacquer'd puppet's ! what a raree-show ! ||  
Are these the Tiddy-dolls¶ to whom we bow ?

\* The savage who came to exhibit himself after Buonaparte's defeat in Russia, when thousands went to gape at him in Hyde Park, and other public places, as a prodigy.

† " E quei : fu giusto ognor creduto, e detto,  
Che il suddito âl sovrân la zampa lecchi  
Di dipendenza in segno, e di rispetto ;  
Ma se la zampa a far leccar ti secchi ;  
Farti altre parti anche leccar tu puoi,  
Tutti ti leccheran quel, che tu vuoi."—*Casti*.

‡ A collar-day is a festival when the knights wear their collars of SS. round their necks as ornaments.—*Bailey*.

§ " L'opinion et le préjugé viennent à bout de faire passer pour une decoration honorable, les signes les plus puériles, et le plus ridicules."—*Du Marsais*.

|| " You must renounce courts," says Lord Chesterfield, " if you will not connive at knaves and tolerate fools ; their number makes them considerable.

" But how my muse canst thou refuse so long,  
The bright temptation of the courtly throng ?  
The most inviting theme ! the court affords  
Much food for satire ; it abounds in lords."—*Young*.

¶ " A poor wretch, who used to go about the streets decorated

See Lady Squab among the doll-drest group;  
 Is that a YAHOO with that monstrous hoop?  
 The upper half preserves the likeness still, 1200  
 The lower has been thro' the flattening-mill.  
 Use reconciles us to such uncouth shapes,  
 Or we should laugh to see such human apes.  
 What starch-phizz'd, poker-back'd, fine dukes and lords!  
 Lispering their pretty namby-pamby words!  
*This nincompoop's dubb'd royal—that serene;\*  
 But what does such slop-dawdle nonsense mean?  
 How do these lordships, highnesses, and graces,  
 Refrain from laughing in each other's faces?  
 Such things that glitter like gilt gingerbread, 1210  
 Should be with pap,† or else with kava fed.‡*

with slips of gilt paper on his coat, was so called from his singing tiddy-doll and tol-de-rol.—See a description of him, with an engraving, in *Hone's Every-Day Book*, p. 575 and 1241.

\* “ Ce monde est un grand Bal, où des Fous déguisés,  
 Sous des risibles noms d'éminence, et d'altesse,  
 Pensent enfler leurs être et hausser leur bassesse.”

*Voltaire.*

“ Les titres, et les honneurs ne sont que de vains ornements, qui n'en imposent pas moins aux fats, qui en sont revêtus, qu'aux sots qui les admirent : mais un homme d'esprit pénètre à travers cet attirail, et juge si le perroquet vaut la cage.”—*Le Compere*, 3.

“ Hast thou, O sun ! beheld an emptier sort,  
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court !  
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race !  
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face !”—*Donne*.

† “ Oh folly, worthy of the nurse's lap,  
 Give it the breast, or cram it's mouth with pap.”—*Cowper*.

‡ Kava is a liquor in high estimation in the South Sea islands, and is almost the exclusive beverage of the kings and royal tribes.

'Tis strange that those who manage court affairs,  
Should not provide them clouts and cacking-chairs.

Yes, this parade forms all the courtier's joys :  
This royal baby-house of drest-up toys.\*  
Lord Fartlebury ; Duke of Puddle-dock ;  
Prince Cacafofo ; Countess Dillicock ;  
Lord Nincompoop ; Sir George Golumpus Grub ;  
Veldt Marshall Hoggsgutz ; Lady Trullibub ;  
Count Snickasnee ; Lord Fudge ; Prince Potowouskin ;  
Baron Bumfodder ; Monsieur Mouschkin Pouschkin ;†  
Lord Blath'rumskate ;‡ Earl Swipes ; Count Doodle-doo ;  
Madame Caca-du-Dauphin Baisemoncul ; §

It is made from the root of the pepper tree ; which, after being chewed by the natives, and the juice spit into a large bowl, is diluted with water."—See *Cooke's Voyage*.

\* " Round let us bound, for this is punch's holiday,  
Glory to Tom-foolery—huzza, huzza !" —*Rejected Addresses*.

It is hardly possible to caricature this childish stuff, or give an *outré* description of such full-grown babyism ! Swift speaks of a *tiddidol* assemblage, where he was introduced. The queen (brandy Nan), he says, stood in the middle of the circle, simpering and biting the edge of her fan ; and looking, like an idiot, by turns at the drest-up dolls, who were standing all round the room, like so many images.

† The name of the Russian ambassador thirty or forty years ago.

‡ For an explanation of this elegant phrase, see *Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches*.

§ The dresses worn by all the ladies of "rank and fashion" some years ago, in that sink of vice and folly, Paris, were actually of this *delicate* colour, at least as near as the dyers could match it—out of respect to the *royal* excrement !

The Rev'rend Noodle Doodle Dunderhead ;  
 The Honourable Simon S\*\*\*-a-bed ;  
 And Co. : for of them there's a numerous pack ;  
 But these may serve as samples of the sack.

Lo ! grandeur gives a feast ! Oh, all ye gods,  
 Who peep down now and then from your abodes ;  
 Say, had ye ever up stairs in the sky, 1230  
 Aught in the guttling-way with *this* to vie ?\*  
 Tho' at your sumptuous banquets with your goddesses,  
 Ye sat so cozey, without breeks or bodices ;†

\* At C\*\*\*\*\* House, some years ago.

† The celestials were certainly very deficient in this respect, as many of them were nearly in *querpo* at their grand assemblies, where the Hebes and the Ganymedes handed the nectar about. When breeches came first in use, is not exactly known. Moses was permitted to see the *back* parts of the great I AM ; but we are not informed whether *breeched* or not. Adam is said to have worn green *breeches* ; but that is meant merely as a witticism. Neither can we suppose Mister Noah wore inexpressibles, as in that *case* there would have been nothing for his son to have laughed at. The "man after God's own heart" was evidently bare about the dock, when he kicked up his heels, and capered before the ark ; since his wife ragged him for exposing his tackle to the maidens, and for which he said they would honour him.\* That prophets were also of the *sans-culotte* order is notorious ; since Isaiah, one of the most celebrated, tramped about three years with his buttocks bare : not to mention many other instances in the holy Jew-book. Homer speaks of breeches where Dr. Macshane attends the poor cuckold who is wounded in the posteriors by an arrow : since he tells us,

"The arrow's head, and greasy leather

Breeches, both came off together.—*Iliad*, Book 4.

But whether the word *gubmuh*, in the original, means breeches, or not, is disputed ; the learned disciples of the profound doctors, Parr and

\* "And of the maid-servants which thou hast spoken of ; of them shall I be had in honour."—2 Sam. vi.



When were ye at your gormandizings able  
 To sport a river on your dining-table?  
 Where, all amongst the gold and silver dishes,  
 Shoals could be seen of gold and silver fishes!  
 And all alive O!—not like fish-fag's sprats,  
 Fit only to be given to the cats.  
 Yes, all alive! tho' childish it may seem, 1240  
 And *bonâ fide* swimming in the stream:  
 While noble lords and ladies, in amaze,  
 Upon the river and the fishes gaze.  
 "What taste!" cries Lord Fopdoodle; "c'est unique!"  
 "Par Dieu!" exclaims Lord Froth, "c'est magnifique!"  
 "C'est bien joli!" sputters out another;  
 And one Tom-fool still echoes to his brother.  
 The ladies too, while munching up their dinners,  
 Ask if the fish are pricklebacks, or minnows;  
 For those who were not near the river's brim, 1250  
 Could not see how the little fishes swim,\*  
 And frisk, "and vaggie all their pretty tails:†  
 Not to please "baby Charles," but booby ———.

Porson, differing in opinion: some asserting the true meaning to be f\*\*ting-crackers; others insist on a\*\*\*-cases being the genuine translation; while a third squad of deep etymologists are equally positive that galligaskins is the true signification of the Greek word.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

And thus must this important matter be left ignoramus.

\* From the very crowded assemblage, it may be supposed many of the ladies of quality were too distant from the margin of the river to peep in and ascertain the *quality* of the water animals.

† "Teazing made Easy."

Oh, grand celestials ! Jupiter and Co.,  
Say, had ye ever such a raree-show ?

The " Lord's anointed " used, in times of old,  
To keep a fool to laugh at, as we're told ;  
But now so many fools of lords are made,\*  
Tom isn't wanted—they have spoil'd his trade.  
Provided with so choice a Tom-fool train, 1260  
To keep an extra fool would be in vain ;  
With titled fools 'twould be mere waste of money :  
Tom-fool at court's, like sugar-sauce to honey.  
Yet Tom's the most diverting ; courtly fools  
Are drest-up dolls, who speak and move by rules ;  
Drill'd strutting things, who scorn all mirth and jokes,  
And never sport a grin like vulgar folks :  
Laughter their buckram grandeur would destroy ;  
That way the " mob express their silly joy."†

\* " *Nature* exclaim'd with wonder—*lords* are things,  
Which never made by me, were made by kings."

Churchill.

† " Loud laughter," says Chesterfield, " is extremely inconsistent with *les bienséances* : it is only the illiberal and noisy testimony of the joy of the *mob* at some very silly thing." And to the same tune singeth Lord Froth : " there is nothing," says this *noble* lord, " more unbecoming a man of *quality* than to laugh ; it is such a vulgar expression of the passion ! Every body can laugh."—See the *Double Dealer*. Even BOB, the doctor, since his apostacy, has affected the consequence of these high-born prigs, and joined the smirking coxcomb tribe in their contempt of every thing *vulgar*. " Laughter," he exclaims, " is a *plebeian* emotion ; nothing beyond a silent and transitory *simper* should be indulged in by the *refined* ranks !"—*Omniana*. One should suppose the laureat was *ironing* us, as Mrs. Slipslop terms it.

Grand fools are stuff'd with "*manieres* and graces," 1270  
Which surely makes amends for vacant faces.

Of all the stupid follies brought from France,  
The most disgusting is the *minuet* dance.  
The poor automaton, with silly face,  
Sprawls round its arms and legs, and calls it *grace* !  
Now here, now there, affectedly it swings,  
And seems a toyman's doll, on wheels and springs.  
A glorious feat to swell the YAHOO's pride,  
By which he's so completely monkeyfied ! \*

Oh, Chesterfield ! thou most illustrious scribe ! 1280  
First fiddle of the *à-la-puppy* tribe !  
The world must surely deem it a disaster,  
That thou wert not brought up a dancing-master ;  
The prince of capering coxcombs, great Marcel, †  
Could not have taught the "*graces*" half so well ;  
Altho', like thee, he studied *bienseance*,  
And was a true-bred Fribble, *born* in France.  
How hast thou wrote, and wrote again, about it !  
Tho' a respected Hottentot did flout it. ‡  
With trash like this didst thou take wond'rous pains,  
To cram thy son's skull with, instead of brains.

\* Alfieri said he could never be taught by a French dancing-master, whose art made him at once shudder and laugh. "If we reflect," says Mr. D'Israeli, "that, as it is now practised, it seems the art of giving affectation to a puppet, and that this puppet is a man, we can enter into this mixed sensation of degradation and ridicule."

† A celebrated dancing-master at Paris.

‡ Lord Chesterfield's appellation of the *great* moralist.

How didst thou scribble letter after letter !  
 But never found Poor Phil\* a jot the better :  
 For—oh, ye gods, 'tis shocking to relate !  
 When at a dinner-party, in grand state,  
 He ate his cherry-pie, then lick'd his plate !†

}

Such are “ God’s images” among the great ;  
 The “ lords of reason,” puff’d with wealth and state.  
 But take your specimens from Mutton-lane,  
 Or Rotten-row,‡ and then be proud and vain. 1300  
 Search Billingsgate, Saint Giles’s, and Rag-Fair,  
 And say what angel forms you meet with there !  
 View them in dens, where poverty prevails,  
 Or perishing in hospitals and jails ;  
 See the poor cinder-sifter’s filthy rags,  
 And chimney-sweepers with their sooty-bags !  
 A prey to squalid want, disease, and vermin  
 (And thousands there are such for one in ermine).  
 Do these poor wretches, who eat husks like swine,  
 Display the boasted “ human face divine ?”§ 1310  
 Are “ godlike heroes” found in *their* abodes ?  
 O no ! ’tis wealth makes Yahoos demi-gods ;  
 Of *godlike* qualities the poet sings,||  
 But then they appertain to lords and kings.

\* Philip Stanhope.

† Said to be a fact.

‡ Dens of misery in the vicinity of Clerkenwell, which with Chick-lane and Black Boy-alley, will be in all probability swept away by the proposed new street from Fleet-market to Islington.

§ Paradise Lost.

|| “ C’est à l’extrême inégalité des fortunes qu’il faut s’en prendre



Oh what a blest soul-gifted, sky-born race,  
 Sweeps in "God's image," and in Mudlark's grace!  
 In Scavengers you "lords of reason" meet;  
 Vociferating "Dust-ho" through the street!  
 "Creation's lords" divinely play their part,  
 And lift the fragrant bucket to the cart; 1320  
 In spite of filth, *immortal souls* you trace,  
 Which glitter through the dirty shirt and face;  
 And though they stink, and have Tom——dmen's looks,  
 They'll in the next world all be Lords and dukes.\*

Inflated YAHOO! boast your blessed state,  
 Millions in rags and dirt—a few styled great;†  
 But still they've so much feeling for each other,  
 My Lord Duke owns the Sweep his *Christian*-brother:

de' l'expédient des religions; quand on a rendu ce monde insupportable aux hommes, il faut bien leur en promettre un autre. Cela est si vrai, que si un homme du peuple parvient à la richesse, on ne suppose plus que la religion lui soit si nécessaire, et sa fortune sert d'otage à la société."—*M. de Rivarol*. See *Montaigne*, i. 451.

\* "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Matth. v. 3.

† Lord Byron has observed, that the world (speaking of England) seems only made for a few thousands called *quality*, or *rank* and *fashion*, as the West-enders are denominated.

Montaigne, speaking of some savages brought to Paris from America, observes, "qu'ils avoient apperçu qu'il y avoit parmy nous des hommes pleins et gorgez de toutes sortes de commoditez, et qui leurs moitez (ils nomment les hommes moitie les uns des autres), etoient mendians à leurs portes, décharnez de faim et de pauvreté; et trouvoient etrange comme ces moitez ici, necessiteuses, pouvoient souffrir une telle injustice, qu'ils ne prissent les autres à la gorge, ou missent le feu à leurs maisons."—*Essais*, livre 1, chap. 30.

And though the poor are fed with fee-faw-fum,  
They'll get a greasy chin in "kingdom-come." 1330

Who would not give five pounds to treat a lord ?  
Though for a single peach 'tis not absurd :  
But give five shillings to the poor for bread ;  
Oh ! that's disgraceful—up-stairs *they'll* be fed.  
And here perhaps it may not be amiss,  
To add a fable in parenthesis ;  
A proverb even, if it comes in pat,  
As Sancho tells the Don, is *verbum sat*.

A fox once met an ape, as Æsop says,  
And chatter'd as they used in former days ; 1340  
When, after compliments, the ape thus cried—  
" I wish, kind Sir, you'd peep at my backside :  
You'll own I've little reason to be glad,  
Considering my rump's so poorly clad.  
I have'nt got a tail that's worth a rush,  
While you've a superfluity of brush ;  
And could you but a little morsel spare,  
To cover my poor buttocks, now so bare ;  
I certainly should take it very kind,  
As then I should be *comme il faut* behind." 1350  
" God zounds !" quoth Reynard, flying in a passion,  
An ape, forsooth ! and would be drest fox fashion !  
' A very pretty joke for plebs like thee  
To dizen out, and think to rival me !  
No, no, my brush may trail along the ground,  
But not an atom of it shall be found

To decorate the riff-raff, my inferiors ;  
 Much more to hide a stinking ape's posteriors."

This fable to the YAHOO may apply,  
 As any one will see with half an eye ; 1360  
 " Id est," if he has " quantum suff. " of brain :  
 And now we'll to our *moutons*\* turn again.

Folly and vice by turns the YAHOO rule,  
 Sometimes the knave prevails, sometimes the fool.  
 Actions that often are consider'd good,  
 Base would be found, the motives understood :†  
 His life's a counterfeit, a masquerade, ‡  
 And cant and rank hypocrisy a trade.  
 With artificial phiz he acts a part,  
 And all through life his tongue belies his heart :§ 1370  
 " Volto sciolto," says my lord to Phil, ||  
 " Ma pensieri stretti," mind that still.

\* Rabelais.

† "All the virtues that have ever been in mankind," says Swift,  
 " may be counted upon a few fingers ; but their follies and vices are  
 innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap." And what says  
 brother parson of the present day ? "The world and almost every  
 thing in it are capable of being abused by *man*, whose corrupt pro-  
 pensities are continually leading him to poison the sources of his own  
 happiness."—*Sumner*.

‡ "Our life is a false nature—'tis not in  
 The harmony of things."—*Lord Byron*.

§ Nous aurions souvent honte de nos plus belles actions, si le  
 monde voyoit tous les motifs que les produisent."—*Roche-foucault*.

|| See "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," to qualify him for  
 the *beau-monde*.

His character completely would you know,  
 Read Swift, and Mandeville, and Rochefoucault.\*  
 Observe yon black-drest YAHOOs, what grimace !  
 Mirth in the heart, and sorrow in the face ;  
 What signs of woe ! crape hat-bands ! solemn walk !  
 Exteriors dismal ! hearts as light as cork. †  
 A gouty friend (oh, what delightful luck !)  
 Has left the world, and left them all his muck. 1380  
 Heart-broken they *must seem*, and in a tone  
 Of whining, tell you their *dear friend* is gone.  
 In sables then they're deck'd from top to toe,  
 That every one their great distress may know :

\* The proceedings of the good, honest church-going YAHOOs toward each other, are truly described by Mandeville in the story of the two sugar-merchants, Letter B in the Fable of the Bees, verifying the Italian proverb,

“ Con Arte ed Inganni si vive il mezzo anni ;  
 Con Inganni e con Arte si vive l'attre parti.”

“ What think you,” says Horace Walpole, “ of the cruelty and villainy of European settlers ; but this very morning I found that part of the purchase of Maryland from the *savage* proprietors, (for *we* do not massacre, *we* are only such good Christians as only to cheat,) was a quantity of red-lead and a parcel of Jews'-harps.”—*Walpole's Correspondence*.

“ Ovunque il guardo, osservator tu giri,  
 Scorticatori, e scorticati miri :  
 Gl' imbelli il forte, ed i babbei lo scaltro ;  
 E in somma ognun che può, scortica l'altro.”—*Casti*.  
*Animale parlanti*, Canto 11.

† “ Heredis fletus sub personâ risus est.”



And while in canting strain they seem to grieve,  
(What mockery !) they're laughing in their sleeve ! \*

But the grand farce is when a monarch dies—  
A butch'ring Harry, or a ——— the wise ;  
A royal Tiger, or a royal Neddy ;  
No matter which, the scutcheons are got ready : 1390  
The carcass lays in state, with mutes and lights ;  
For loyal subjects love such pretty sights.  
Crushing each other's ribs in crowds they go,  
Though full of grief they long to see the show.  
And when the royal carrion's in the tomb,  
The undertaker's garb they all assume ;  
The grov'ling crew throughout the loyal nation,  
Show outward signs of inward lamentation.  
At church, at play-house, and at public shows,  
The "lords of reason," all as black as crows, 1400  
Look as if Nick had shook his soot-bag o'er 'em,  
To make them like himself—for *black's decorum*.  
Hence Latitats and Parsons when they clack,  
Out of respect to Nick, are drest in black :

\* "In all civil societies men are taught insensibly to be hypocrites from their cradle ; nobody dares to own that he gets by public calamities, or even by the loss of private persons. The sexton would be stoned should he wish openly for the death of the parishioners : though every body knew he had nothing else to live upon."—*Search into Society*, 402.—May not the same be said of doctors and physicians, who profess to be *very glad* when they meet their friends and acquaintance in good health.

For though these long-robed gentry all pretend  
 To hate Old Blackey, he's their dearest friend.  
 (Were YΛHOOS free from vice they would not want  
 The lawyer's jargon, or the parson's cant.) \*  
 'Tis true, they call him dragon, serpent, shark ;  
 But then they shake hands with him in the dark. 1410

Now Old Nick's *black* in grain, a knowing prig,  
 Who hides his horns and tail with gown and wig ; †  
 And meeting with Young Chip ‡ (the Lamb) one day,  
 He whipt him on his back, and flew away :  
 Then in a wilderness for forty days, §  
 He try'd to *diddle* him in various ways ;

\* "Why were laws made, but that we are rogues by nature."—  
*Shakspeare.*

After all the *blarney* of the *immortal bard* about the YΛHOOS's perfections, who could have thought he would have let the cat out of the bag, and like the Satyr in the fable, "blow hot and cold with the same mouth."

† "To hinder him from being known,  
 He borrowed parson Squintum's gown ;  
 These kind of robes, his godship knew,  
 Hide rogues the best, and roguery too."

*Homer Burlesqued.*

‡ The carpenter's son.

§ "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil ; and when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterwards an hungered. Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them : and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."  
 —Matth. iv.

With promised kingdoms, if he would adore him,  
 And *boo* respectfully, and fall before him.  
 But Chippy, though a lamb, was not a flat,  
 For through the gown and wig he smelt a rat,  
 So neither made a leg, nor doff'd his hat ;  
 But cried, " I smell your brimstone, master Nick ;  
 You're after playing me some shabby trick :  
 Don't think with your palaver you can blind me,  
 But hold your jaw, my Cock, and get behind me." \*

Ben Jonson says, that Beelzebub an ass is, †  
 Though for a conjuror with fools he passes ;  
 And sure he proved himself a Johnny Raw,  
 To let Young Chippy thus slip through his paw :  
 And after, when, as Christian creeds all tell, 1430  
 He had him three days in his claws in hell ;  
 Yet, like a blockhead, let him scamper out,  
 When he a treaty might have made no doubt.  
 With such a first-rate prisoner in limbo,  
 He might have strutted with his arms a-kimbo ;  
 Not only haggled for his liberation,  
 But have released his staff from their damnation !  
 Yet who can judge for this proud Cock ? they say,  
 That every one has some odd whim and way.  
 " De gustibus non disputandum est," 1440  
 He might think his warm corner much the best ;

\* "And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan."—Luke iv.

† Comedy of "The Devil's an Ass."

Where he could smoke his pipe, and swill his toddy,  
 Nor longer care a fig for any body.  
 He had had trumpeting enough before,  
 Blasting and puffing till his throat was sore :  
 And now preferr'd, bored with their " holy, holy,"  
 The Bumble-puppy game, and Rolly-polly.  
 But this is all digressive—we'll go back  
 To where we talk'd of Yahoos wearing black.—  
 Young Chip it seems smelt Nick, and didn't mind him,  
 But snubb'd him well, and bid him get behind him.  
 While to commemorate this dire event,  
 Christians wear charcoal-colour'd clothes in Lent :  
 Nor dare they then taste any luscious dish,  
 But snuffle Grace o'er parsnips and salt-fish ;  
 While on Black Friday by Saint's nick-nam'd *Good*,  
 Buns, gallows-marked, are deemed soul-saving food : \*  
 Till, penance over, Easter brings delight,  
 And then they gorge and guzzle day and night.

Thus six months past (the grieving time requir'd  
 For kings), the YAHOOs of their black get tir'd ;  
 The mockery no longer is display'd—  
 They then find out that "*it makes bad for trade.*"  
 Besides, although he was the " best of kings,"  
 They're not to fret their guts to fiddle-strings.

\* Notwithstanding the *spread*, and the *stream*, and *march of intellect*, and the so much boasted enlightened age, there is scarcely a family in England in which this superstitious and degrading mummary is omitted on what is called *Good Friday*, when the streets resound with the cries of *Hot cross-buns!*—But hogs delight in garbage—Tel bete tel paturage.



So grief adieu—a royal chamberlain  
 Says, “NEDDYS put your gaudys on again.”  
 Th’ obsequious herd, impatient of delay,  
 Resume their fripp’ry, and as larks are gay,  
 Proud to show off in this lick-spittle farce ;      1470  
 And mourn a Nero, or a royal ass.  
 In black, or colours, still they’re strutting seen,  
 Puff’d with conceit, and proud of being mean.  
 For, though it seems a paradox, ’tis true,  
 The self-same YAHOO’s mean and haughty too :  
 With vices opposite he’s doubly curst,  
 “Meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust.”

Observe that buckram, whisker-jaw’d queer Thing !  
 He’s called a “lord in waiting” to the king ;  
 And when his Majesty’s disposed to stir,      1480  
 This Thing sticks to his crupper like a bur :  
 Whether the monarch marches fast or slow,  
 Just the same pace this lackey-lord must go ;  
 And at the play-house, when the king goes there,  
 Skip-kennel stands upright behind his chair :  
 Scarce daring, while he stands in stiff-rump’d state,  
 To turn from side to side his empty pate :  
 Abject, yet proud, a mixty-maxy thing ;  
 But very fit to wait upon a king.  
 Among the court-gang crawling like a toad,      1490  
 A three-tailed bashaw in his own abode :  
 An abject reptile in the drawing-room ;  
 At home, the tyrant’s manner he’ll assume :  
 A very Bobadil, a Bully-back ;  
 But when at court, he sails on t’other tack :

*Booing* and cringing, none so mild and meek,  
Not brother Bruin then, but Jerry Sneak.

God made man in his image, parsons teach,  
When Old Nick came next day and kick'd his breech;  
And, being "maitre Charlatan," alas! 1500  
Soon got *God's image* bundled out to grass.  
For he was in a garden placed at first,  
Till by the snake's contrivance he was curst.  
(The *quomodo* has been before related,  
Where madam Eve was found to be soft-pated.)  
And claiming still the Yahoo as his prize,  
This devil-snake we now apostrophize.

O ! thou infernal omnipresent dragon !\*  
A mighty feat it is for thee to brag on !  
To gull a naked nincompooish couple, 1510  
By coaxing them to eat a bit of apple.  
Thou sooty, smutty, worst of bugabo's ;  
Who's at the *Yahoo's* heels where'er he goes.  
Whether call'd Old One, Nick, or Scratch, or Devil ;  
'Tis thou that dost incline his heart to evil.

\* Would not the omnipresence of the black monarch, since he is universally acknowledged as a Ubiquitarian, be an excellent subject for the pen of an evangelical fustian scribbler? For although the idea of two omnipresent spirits or deities, each possessing universal space, to the total exclusion of the other, seems to savour of Bedlam ; yet it is readily admitted, and gulped down with the rest of the riddle-me-ree mysteries of the Christian revelation, nothing is impossible to the Lord. David indeed tells us the Lord is in hell (" If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."—Psalm cxxxix.); and we know Mr. Scratch frequently gets up to heaven by poor Job's affair.

Not only hast thou dosed him well with pride,  
 But most of thy *good* qualities beside.  
 Had it not been for thee, thou ugly toad,  
 This world of our's had been a snug abode ;  
 But since thou trottest night and day about, 1520  
 In ev'ry corner poking thy damn'd snout,  
 The *Yahoo's* never safe, but ev'ry minute,  
 Finds something wrong, and cries " the devil's in it."  
 The Lord, we're told, once crammed thee in thy den,  
 Then who the devil let thee out again ?\*  
 But 'tis no use for us to growl and grumble,  
 If fated, in thy clutches we must tumble.  
 Does not the saint of saints, the frenzied Paul,†  
 Insinuate that we're predestined all,‡

\* "To credit such idle whims," says the Indian, " is an affront to the great Spirit, as it charges him with authorizing mischief, by being the direct author of all the disorders and wickednesses in the world, by suffering the evil spirit to get out of hell."—*Lahonton's Voyage*.

† "How little did those people think, who saw  
 The first appearance of this crooked lout ;  
 Who saw this same disturber of the law,  
 When first from town to town he rov'd about.  
 Ah! little did they think how deep the root,  
 How far 'twas doom'd to spread, how curs'd the fruit.

\* \* \* \* \*

" Yet so it is ; a Paul has liv'd and died ;  
 A curs'd religion has sprung up, and rent  
 The world with factions—men have fought and pray'd  
 As with one breath : their energies they've spent  
 In brutalizing wars, where hellish strife  
 Could prompt each man to seek a brother's life."

*Prize Poem on the Life and Character of St. Paul.*

‡ " Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called."—  
 Romans viii.

From birth, the chosen few aloft to go, 1530  
 The many sous'd into the pit below ?\*  
 The *sheep* elected, all craned up to heav'n ;  
 The *goats* rejected, down to hell all driv'n.†  
 But let us leave this jargon to the schools ;  
 To rev'rend prigs, who dub each other fools.  
 They'll solve such mysteries beyond a doubt,  
 And where there is no meaning find one out ;  
 Prove that it's dark at noon, and light at night,  
 And tho' all's wrong, " whatever is, is right."  
 Prate about " trees of life," and " trees of knowledge,"  
 (Else wherefore go such loggerheads to college,)‡  
 What Paul saw when he up to heav'n was skipping ;  
 And why he *mags* so much on *doodle-snipping*. §

" Therefore hath he mercy, on whom he will have mercy ; and whom he will, he hardeneth."—Romans ix.

" Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh for, but the *election* hath obtained it. God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear, unto this day."—Romans xi.

\* " Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

† " And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall he say unto them on the left hand, Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepare for the devil and his angels."—Matth. xxv.

‡ " Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?"—*Richard III.*

§ A great part of the frothy epistles, or, as Cardinal Bembo very properly called them, *Epistolacciae* of this holy maniac, are filled with disgusting balderdash respecting the profitableness of circumcision ; which indeed as the godly cock was a bit of a snipper himself, having operated upon poor Tim by depriving him of his foreskin, (*Acts xvi.*)



Of Old Nick's *somerset*, and sin original  
 (The leading trumps with which the parsons *pigeon all*).  
 How to "cast off the old man," they'll explain;  
 And solve the slang of "being born again"—  
 Of *faith*, *foreknowledge*, *grace*, and *free-will* bawl;  
 Till it's as clear as mustard to us all.

Whether the *Yahoo's* folly, or his pride, 1550  
 Most governs, 'tis not easy to decide;  
 But in the high-born race, 'tis plainly shown,  
 Excess of pride\* stamps *them* the *dévil's* own;  
 Pride governs *these* thro' life, and strange to tell,  
 Outweighs the terrors both of death and hell!

Two *noble* lords, sworn friends, sit down to play,  
 (Both good church-going Christians in their way.)  
 But if, as oft it happens, words arise,  
 And one affirms what 'tother lord denies;

is not so much to be wondered at. But why did not the saint explain this holy business to his beloved sisters in the Lord, Priscilla, Mary, and the rest of the chosen vassals, whom he desires may be saluted with a holy kiss?—Romans xvi.

\* "There is no danger so great, but by the help of his pride a man may slight and confront it; nor any manner of death so terrible, but with the same assistance he may court, and if he has a firm constitution, undergo it with alacrity."—*Fable of the Bees*, Part 2, Dialogue 2.

"La plus calamiteuse et fragile de toutes les creatures," says Montaigne, "c'est l'homme, et quant et quant la plus orgueilleuse.—Il me semble à la vérité, que Nature, pour la consolation de notre estat miserable et chetif, ne nous ait donné en partage que la presumption."—*Essais*, liv. 2, chap. 12.

Then anger's kindled, hateful passion grows, 1560  
 And *Christian* friends are chang'd to bitter foes.  
 Urged by false honour, let who will be right,  
 The challenged has no option but to fight ;\*  
 And some so skilfully the weapons handle,  
 At twenty paces they can snuff a candle.  
 So trained to murder in a genteel way,  
 You may have *satisfaction* any day ;  
 Giving the injured party who complains,  
 Redress, by coolly blowing out his brains.  
 Now where's their *Christian* love ? does worldly pride  
 Set *holy-gospel* precepts all aside ?  
 While thus to blind revenge, and murder giv'n,  
 Are they e'er checked by thoughts of hell or heav'n ?  
 Do these Corinthians in such affairs,  
 Before they shoot each other, say their pray'rs ?  
 Oh, no ! they laugh at all the parson's stuff ;  
 They're *high-born* YAHOOs, and quite " up to snuff."†

\* " How comes it that a man of honour should so readily accept of a challenge, when in the prime of life and in perfect health ? It is his pride that conquers his fear : for when his pride is not concerned, this fear will appear most glaringly. If he is not used to the sea, let him but be in a storm ; or, if he never was ill before, have but a slight fever, and he'll show a thousand anxieties, and in them the inestimable value he sets on life."—*Search into Society*, 383.

" Un homme religieux n'est-il pas bien sûr de sa damnation éternelle s'il est tué en duel ? Et cependant l'honneur l'emporte, et il se bat !"—*M. de Rivarol*.

† As such high-born prigs are always (as well as the low-born) well stuffed with gospel-gammon at their schools and colleges, how comes it they can so easily shake it all off, and send one another to hell so

Yes, vice and folly tinge the heart and brain,  
 And leave behind an everlasting stain.  
 Adam, we're told, sought wisdom, and was blam'd ;\*  
 He ate the apple, and his race were damn'd :†  
 If he was not permitted to be wise,  
 Surely his offspring wisdom may despise.  
 We ought, 'tis plain, from such good scripture rules,  
 To bring up all our children arrant fools.‡  
 And this has been the case since Adam's time ;  
 To doubt, or speak the truth, is deem'd a crime.  
 'Tis true, we've scores of metaphysic fools,§  
 From Brazen-nose and Corpus-Christi schools :||

deliberately? They should at least take a parson with them upon such occasions, to intercede with the Lamb in behalf of their precious souls, which are thus precipitated into the fiery lake in *secula sæculorum*.

\* "Le soing de s'augmenter en sagesse et en science, ce fut la premiere ruine du genre humain : c'est la voye par où il s'est précipité à la damnation eternelle."—*Montaigne*.

† Of all the absurdities that ever were foisted upon the imagination of a *Yahoo*, this apple-story is the most completely ridiculous! Adam should undoubtedly have been taught to seek knowledge, not shun it, that thereby he might have avoided evil. If his instructor had been an evil genius, the interdiction would have been in character, as ignorance is the parent of crime and misery. "Quand on fait reflexion," says Voltaire, "que presque toute la terre a été infatuée de pareils contes, et qu'ils ont fait l'éducation du genre humain, on trouve les fables de Pilpay et d'Esope bien raisonnable."

‡ "For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Eccles. i. 18.—See *Swift's Discourse on Coition*.

§ "La metaphysique a cela de bon, qu'elle ne demande pas des études preliminaire bien genante. C'est la qu'on peut tout savoir sans avoir jamais rien appris."—*Questions*.

|| Brazen-faced would have been a more suitable appellation.

All fill'd with learned ignorance and pride,\* 1590  
 A.B.'s, L.D.'s, and Lord knows what beside ;  
 Who with big wigs their owlish phizzes cook so,  
 That if they are not wise, they try to look so.†  
 They jabber about *faith*, by which is meant  
 That you should give them credit for their cant ;  
 For faith's not worth a fig which can't dispense,  
 With things that give the lie to common sense.  
 'Tis against reason, is it ? that's enough ;  
 A parson's creed demands no better proof.  
 Faith's the grand nostrum for the parson's jobs, 1600  
 And moves all " stumbling-blocks " from YΛHOOS' nob's.  
 Well stuff'd with faith, and larded with devotion,  
 You in a walnut-shell may cross the ocean :  
 If ye doubt not, cry *geehup* when you will,  
 And Highgate hops to Harrow on the Hill.‡

What names for colleges of instruction ! *Body of Christ !* This wretched kind of superstitious mummary is carried to such an extent in the Catholic countries, that their inns and fighting ships are sanctified with the precious epithets of " Blood of Christ," " Holy Ghost," and " Saviour of the World," &c.

\* " It may sound oddly," says Lord Bolingbroke, " but it is true in many cases to say, that if men had learned less, their way to knowledge would be shorter and easier. There is no cure for one who is taught to be a blockhead ; his ignorance is the fruit of instruction ; he has clogged his mind with learned darkness, and verifies the proverb, that *merus scholasticus est merus asinus*.—See *Independent Whig*, vol. i. pp. 2 and 258.

† " Thus pedants will hang out a solemn face,  
 To put off nonsense with a better grace."—*Young*.

‡ " Jesus said, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and it shall be done." See *Questions*, viii. 119.—Mark xi.



The little hills by Faith will skip like lambs,  
 And all the mountains dance about like rams :\*  
 To those with Faith all contradiction bends,  
 A walking-stick may be without two ends.  
 Charcoal milk-white, and snow as black as jet ; 1610  
 A brewer's horse may in a bottle get ;  
 A man may jump down his own throat, and then  
 (If it so please the Lord) jump up again.  
 Faith at impossibilities ne'er wrangles,  
 But sees distinctly round and square triangles !  
 Faith's the FA TUTTO, priestcraft's corner-stone ;  
 Take that away, and presto, all is gone.†

\* "Why hop ye so, ye high hills?"—Psalm lxviii. "The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs."—Psalm cxiv. This silly bombast is called sublime ; so that there does not seem a straw to choose between nonsense and sublimity. Homer abounds in trash of this sort (one of the reasons why he is so much admired) ; where not only horses are weeping and discoursing, but even rivers get up and come to the *Scratch*, one (Xanthus) calling the other (Simois) to his assistance. Nonsense seems to amalgamate with the putty-like stuff in the skulls of the "lords of reason," who are sure to delight in anything in proportion to its absurdity ; their precious Faith enabling them, by obumbrating and offuscating (as Pomposo phrases it) their intellects, to see apple-dumplings when there is only horse-dung before their snouts ! Wonderful Yahoo ! thy gullibility exceeds all power of imagination.

† "La vertu fondamentale de toute religion ; i. e. la plus utile à ses ministres c'est la FOI. Elle consiste dans une crédulité sans bornes, qui fait croire sans examen tout ce que les interprètes de la divinité ont intérêt que l'on croie. La FOI implicite a été la source des plus grand attentats qui se soient commis sur la terre."—*Le Bon Sens*.

Call it Credulity, the tribe roar out,\*  
 All in full chorus, " *They* are damn'd who doubt."†  
 That doubt is nothing, but the devil's snare, 1620  
 And sceptics all in hell, with old Voltaire;  
 Lament there's not a HOLY inquisition,  
 To burn blasphemers in this wicked nation.‡

Such are our teachers, rev'rend sapient prigs;  
 Starch'd formal things, in loop'd hats, bands and wigs:  
 Such are the Mentors at our public schools;  
 Is it a wonder YAHOOs are such fools?

\* "Credulity, call'd Faith, entraps the soul;  
 She lies in wait for idiotism and youth;  
 List'neth to tales baptized rigmarole,  
 And makes them pass for oracles of truth."—*Pindar*.

† "Doubt," says Bolingbroke, "is the key of knowledge: those who do not doubt will never examine; and those who never examine will never know, but remain in perpetual ignorance."—*Philosophical Essays*.

‡ "But saints now persecute—those who won't turn  
 To their idolatry, they hang and burn.

"They were not so at first—they could not be;  
 They wanted power; this obtain'd, we find  
 Their character appear'd: from fear once free,  
 The damning course began, which sunk mankind  
 Beneath—aye! speak, to hide this truth were vain—  
 Beneath the lowest brute that stalks the plain.

"Call'd civiliz'd! far better had ye been  
 Like beasts that perish; then ye would have liv'd  
 And rov'd in harmony thro' wood and glen;  
 Nor would ye for the future then have griev'd:  
 Or had ye fought, it would have been for food,  
 And not for creeds ye never understood."—*Prize Poem*.

They'll tell you 'twas from pride that Satan fell,  
 And that the Rich with Dives are in hell.  
 Style themselves Plenipos from great Jehovah, 1630  
 And while they fleece their dupes, all live in clover.\*

Surrounded by his moon-eyed gaping rabble,  
 Who prick their asses' ears up at his gabble ;  
 See R\*\*I\*\*\* H\*\*\* squint up toward the sky,  
 Like Macbeth at his dagger, and then cry,  
 " Dearly beloved, mark well what I say,  
 Cast off the *Old man* : ye must fast and pray :  
 Ye're born in sin, and very prone to evil,  
 And but for me, ye'd soon be with the devil ;  
 But heed him not, for all his rant and racket, 1640  
 The Lord's appointed me to dust his jacket.  
 Bring but your filthy lucre to the church,  
 And we'll soon leave the rascal in the lurch :  
 Renounce the world, and all it's empty trash ;  
 Good pious Christians never can want cash !

\* We need not wonder at the audacity of this tribe of black locusts, when we consider that "kings and queens" are to be their "nursing fathers and mothers, and are to bow their faces to the earth, and lick the dust off their feet." No wonder the *Holy Bible* is so industriously crammed into the maws of the besotted *Yahoos*, and so much *holy* zeal displayed in converting the heathen ! But if kings and queens are to "lick the dust off their feet," how are the swinish multitude to show *their* respect to the Lord's ambassadors ? Why, by licking *somewhere* else to be sure. Il n'y a pas d'autre moyen ; and so they ought, in order to keep them in proper subjection. Laud exhibited himself in his true colours when in the height of his career : he insolently said, he hoped to see the time when the greatest jack-gentleman in the land should not dare to stand with his hat on before the meanest priest.

The Scripture moveth us in sundry places,  
 To give the parson ALL, without wry faces :\*  
 The holy gospel proves it's not a fib,  
 'Twas so with Ananias and his rib ;  
 They wanted for themselves to keep a penny,      1650  
 The Holy Ghost said, ' No ! ye sha'nt have any.'  
 So down they tumbled like two cheating wretches,  
 (Those who defraud the church, the devil fetches.)  
 Don't think I tip ye holy gospel gammon,  
 In order to cajole ye of your mammon :  
 I scorn to meddle with your worldly pelf,  
 I never want a farthing for myself.

\* " Godliness is great gains. ' Bring me all thou hast, and follow me,' is the true church maxim," says Gordon. " As many as were possessed of houses or lands sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostle's feet ! "

This is in the true spirit of holy religion ! Bring ALL, you cannot bring too much, as was barefacedly avowed by John Wesley. " You," (says the pious holder-forth) " who have £200 a year, and spend but one, do you give God the other hundred ? If not, you rob him of just so much. Oh, leave nothing behind you ! send all you have before you go into a better world ! Lend it ! Lend it ALL unto the Lord, and it shall be paid you again. Haste, haste, my beloved ; haste, lest you should be called away before you have settled what you have on this security. When this is done, you may boldly say, Now I have nothing to do, but to die ! (true enough, John) Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit ! come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." — *Southey's Life of Wesley.*

We may very well say with Cowper—

" Legates and delegates with pow'rs from hell,  
 Tho' heav'nly in pretension, fleece us well."

Or with Dodsley—

" The holy drones monopolize the sky,  
 And plunder by a vow of poverty."



Poor souls, indeed, in this world I know many,  
 Who smell meat in cook's shops, but ne'er taste any.  
 Do, my beloved ! pity their hard fate, 1660  
 And drop for them your money in the plate.\*  
 Remember you've your blessed Saviour's word,  
 Give to the poor, you lend unto the Lord."

Oh pious, preaching, reverendissimos,  
 Do give the rabble some religious shows,  
 And, pope like, let them kiss your holy toes. }  
 How very much ye all by your behaviour,  
 Observe the precepts of your "blessed Saviour."  
 What self-denial ! modest, mild, and meek ;  
 Ye never riches, or Commendams seek ; 1670  
 Ye never wish to swell your worldly store,  
 But give whate'er you get to feed the poor ;  
 And call in all the crippled and the blind,  
 Whene'er ye guttle, as ye are enjoind.†  
 Ye've no vile appetites to gratify :  
 Temptations of the devil ye defy.  
 All worldly vanities ye shun with care,  
 Brown bread and gōspel-sauce is precious fare ;  
 Ye never stuff your guts at tavern dinners,  
 " Christ and a crust" is quite enough for sinners ;‡

\* " 'Tis the saint's godly maxim to beg for the pelf,  
 In behalf of the poor, and then keep it himself."

† "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends,  
 nor thy rich neighbours ; call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and  
 the blind."—Luke xiv. Aye, catch 'em at it ! a pretty rig ! to see all  
 the beggars in Lambeth sitting nose to nose with his grace of Canter-  
 bury, forsooth !

‡ Many of the mawworm tribe have these cant phrases in their

Ye never swill, nor gormandize like beasts,  
 As greasy cits do, at their Lord May'r's feasts.  
 If ye have double-chins and swagging paunches,  
 It's not with calipash, nor luscious haunches ;  
 Ye poke no spoon in any rich man's dishes,  
 Nor play the sycophant for " loaves and fishes ;"  
 But mortify your flesh by pray'r and fasting,  
 In order to obtain " life everlasting."

Such are our teachers and our preachers too !  
 All men of *gumption*, give the dev'l his due ;\* 1690  
 With Bible blunderbuss, and Pray'r-book sabre,  
 Poor Beelzebub's black hide they all be-labour :  
 While he, who knows that this is humbug stuff,  
 Snaps his black fingers at their bounce and huff :  
 For that, however, they pretend to scout him,  
 They couldn't carry on their trade without him :  
 So to his valet Smut (who combs his wigs  
 And shaves him) says, " Go, tell the pulpit prigs  
 I value not their gospel-mag a louse,  
 But take their sermons to the little-house ; 1700  
 To buffet me they only lose their pains,  
 And show they're better stock'd with guts than brains ;

mouths, and boast of the riches of " Christ and a crust," which they possess, and which their fleecing parsons tell them is quite sufficient, and all a good Christian needs. Bedlam is half filled with these poor creatures ; and the number of *out-patients* infected with the same *virus* (which Voltaire aptly denominates *le verole morale*) is incredible.

\* " Men that can strut it and look big,  
 With store of guts as well as wig."—*Homer*.

But if they are for coming to the *Scratch*  
By God, I'll curry the whole *blackguard* batch."\*

Who, my lord bishop, can with pride reproach,  
Altho' he lives in state, and keeps his coach ?†  
Does he not with a pious phiz declare,  
That "filthy lucre's" nothing but a snare ?  
"Nolo episcopari" is his boast ;  
But then he's call'd on by the Holy Ghost ;‡ 1710  
And when a ghost calls with such special news,  
How can a bishop in his heart refuse ?

\* As these reverend devil-boxers are drest in black, and are *guards* to the church, the Black Prince's epithet, if not very polite, is at least very appropriate.

† "Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,  
That grace is founded in dominion.  
Great piety consists in pride ;  
To *rule* is to be sanctified :  
To domineer and to controul  
Both o'er the body and the soul,  
Is the most perfect discipline  
Of church rule, and by *right divine*.  
For saints may do the same thing by  
The spirit, in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the devil's instance do ;  
And yet the actions be contrary,  
Just as the saints and wicked vary."—*Hudibras*.

‡ What a stock of brass must these reverends be endowed with, to pronounce in the most solemn manner, and in the face of day, that they are unwilling to become bishops ; when at the same time it is well known that they have been exerting themselves in every way possible to obtain the mitre ! Shame, where is thy blush ? Talk of the impudence of a highwayman's horse ! bah, transfer the comparison to a parson.

Renouncing vanities and sinful lust,  
*His* treasure's where there's neither "moth nor rust:"  
 He scorns all mammon (just as dogs do mutton);  
 But seeks it with the stomach of a glutton.  
 He never makes provision for the morrow,  
 But gives away his all, the Lord to follow;  
 In mien so lowly, and so truly meek,  
 When struck on one, he turns the other cheek;      1720  
 Each angry and revengeful feeling smothers,  
 Nor e'er resents the trespasses of others.\*  
 But watch this canting tribe, and, if you've eyes,  
 You'll find all this mere fudge and humbug lies—  
 Mark well the conduct of these tithe-collectors,  
 From high to low, arch-bishops, deans and rectors:  
 You'll soon perceive the glaring contradiction,  
 And that their ghostly jabber's all a fiction.

\* Only now and then, when the devil gets the ascendancy over these Lord's ambassadors, as happened lately *near* Twickenham, where the Rev. . . . prosecuted his gardener for *stealing* two-penny worth of beef, of which he was convicted; the parson having found the slice of meat in his possession, and carefully fitted it to the round from which it had been cut. But instances of clerical charity, "forgiveness of trespasses," and compassionate feeling for the poor, abound *partout*. A *worthy* rector (of Blue-coat school notoriety), within one hundred miles of Edmonton, who has *only* about £2000 per annum, threatened his gardener with legal punishment for making free with a few potatoes not long since! While another *worthy* of the sable corps, not far from Leatherhead, and who is moreover a *just-ass*, fined a poor labouring man nine shillings for selling a few cherries (which grew in his own garden) on the *Lord's* day. What a blessing the *Lord's* day is to the poor—in *spirit*! No wonder the swinish multitude are all so eager to salute the posteriors of their spiritual pastors, before they can even slip down their *unmentionables*.



Of such you'll always find the tongue and heart,  
 Like east and west, lie very far apart.\* 1730  
 And verifies what Hobbes said long ago,  
 That words would with a fool for money go :  
 But with the wise would not so easy pass,  
 They smelt the difference soon. 'twixt gold and brass.†

The YAHOO, as if prompted by the devil,  
 To physical has added moral evil ;  
 His self-tormenting mind is on the stretch  
 To plague himself, and be his own Jack Ketch.  
 What he thinks wrong to-day, to-morrow's right ;  
 He loves at noon what he detests at night : 1740  
 The fiend that plagues him, his own sickly brain,  
 Turns all his schemes of pleasure into pain.  
 A slave to all the follies of the great,  
 Whate'er they do he's sure to imitate.  
 Tell him, 'mongst lords and dukes it is the mode,  
 He'll " walk upon his head, or eat a toad." ‡  
 Should any blockhead cut his coat in half,  
 When he walk'd out, the rabble all would laugh ;  
 But tell them 'tis a lord, the ape-like crew,  
 To look like him, cut all their coats in two.§ 1750

\* " Is there a churchman who on God relies,  
 Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies ?  
 Not one."—*Lord Rochester*.

† " It was an observation of Hobbes, that words " were the counters  
 of wise men, and the money of fools."

‡ Dodsley's Poems.

§ It is said, Lord Spencer, for a wager, to prove the folly of the  
 Yahoo, as to fashion, in imitating the *upper orders*, actually appeared

FASHION's the magic word; if some grand fool  
 Is all be-whisker'd, it becomes the rule :  
 The YAHOOs all then try to gain applause,  
 By looking like baboons about the jaws.\*  
 Ask one of these brute-snouted prigs, what news ?  
 He'll tell you *Hoby* makes the smartest shoes :  
 Or should you want an exquisite-cut coat,  
*Stultz* is your man, when tipp'd a ten-pound note.—  
 See dear Miss Tommy dressing !—what's he at ?  
 Why, studying how to tie on his cravat : 1760  
 Of modes there are no less than thirty-six,†  
 And Tommy does'nt know on which to fix !  
 What “march of mind !” what scientific days !  
 Women wear boots, and long-back'd lubbers stays.

Folly, thy name is *Yahoo* ! thou dost show  
 Thyself conspicuous both in Belle‡ and Beau.

in public places in half a coat, *i. e.* with the skirts cut entirely off; and, in a very short time, every body followed the example, and appeared in a similar dress; which was dubb'd, from that circumstance, a SPENCER.

\* Whiskers are manufactured at present, and dyed to any colour for such as may want them in haste, when they are stuck on ! Vast improvements !

† A book is advertised, called the “Art of tying on a Cravat,” price 3s., in which there are thirty-two modes exhibited on plates, with a “History of the Cravat, from its Origin to the present Time,” &c. : with a portrait of the author ! which has run through three editions ! Oh, Intellect ! no wonder there is so much boasting of thy *spread*.

‡ “Frailty, thy name is woman,” says the *divine* bard ; but why not man ? The females do certainly crowd most into the Gospel-shops ;

The females with their form dissatisfied,  
 (And half-deranged through piety and pride,)  
 By pads, cork-rumps, and lacing-tight, pretend  
 The shape that nature gave them they can mend ; 1770  
 And who'll dispute the female YAHOOs' taste,  
 Who barter health to gain a slender waist !  
 Screw'd in so tight they scarce can draw their breath ;  
 Persisting, even though it threatens death.  
 All tops and bottoms, nothing now will do,  
 Unless, like wasps, they're nearly cut in two.  
 In shape an hour-glass, pinch'd up in the middle,  
 And puff'd out round the shoulders and bum-fiddle !  
 As if for Venus-Hottentots design'd,  
 They hang a full-stuff'd pocket on behind. 1780  
 Each to be foremost in the folly brags ;  
 Huge bushel-bonnets—sleeves like pudding-bags  
 "Gigot de mouton" call'd, of Paris fame,  
 Though "jambe de bœuf" would be a fitter name.  
 If French, howe'er preposterous or frightful,  
 The YAHOO Belles all cry, "Oh, how delightful!"

Observe these coxcombs all so slowly pacing,  
 To show off—'tis the funeral of a Mason.  
 With leather aprons, compasses, and rules,  
 By which to prove that they're no *common* fools ; 1790  
 With antics that would make the devil grin,  
 They're at an ale-house what is call'd, "*tiled-in.*"

many, no doubt, from the fear of the devil, and many from vanity to display their finery ; but are the puppies of the masculine gender much behind them in absurdity ?

Building a temple then to *work* they go,  
 To imitate King Solomon's in show.  
 The great Jew-king was pleased with apes we find,\*  
 And these are their descendants left behind:  
 Some say they're with hot pokers mark'd—why not?  
 When we behold the YAHOO such a sot.†

Absorb'd in follies, but yet never sated,  
 The YAHOO's first with *this*, then *that* elated. 1800  
 One childish fancy, after 'tother's tried,  
 Be-pictur'd now, and now be-butterfly'd;  
 Be-shell'd, be-fiddled, magnetizing next;  
 Seeking amusement still, and still perplex'd.

\* "Every three years once came the ships of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, and apes, and peacocks."—2 Chron. ix.

If these wiseacres were to exhibit a model of the royal Jew's seraglio it must be highly amusing, with the apartments for his thousand belles!

"Where Solomon in wisdom shines,  
 Among his wives and concubines;  
 A thousand only? what a quantum!  
 To play with him at rantum-skantum!  
 Sure wenches then were ten a penny,  
 When this Jew-king could get so many.  
 One should have guess'd, as gold was plenty,  
 He might have had eighteen or twenty;  
 But such a *posse!* zounds and blood!  
 Enough to drive him mad, by God.  
 Smouch might be rich, perhaps; but *wise!*  
 Oh, no! the ghost must tell us lies—  
 Peacocks and apes he might possess:  
 But sure of wisdom no man less."

† "Oh! we are ridiculous animals! and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!"—*Horace Walpole*.



Through F.S.A.'s old lumber then he blunders,  
Like Katerfelto's cat,\* announcing "*wonders!*"  
Buys an old p— pot, fashioned "*à la Greque,*"  
From Herculaneum dug, a true antique!

Then purchases a cockle-shell; a ballad;†  
Or tries to prove fleas lobsters,‡ duckweed salad! 1810  
At night he joins the superfine-ear'd crowd,  
To hear "*The Catalani*" scream aloud.  
Next morning hurries off with great delight,  
To see two blackguards, Cribb and Belcher, fight:  
One day he runs to see a Lord Mayor's show,  
The next with dogs and horses—tally-ho!§—

\* A quack, or conjuror, who exhibited his tricks some years ago in Piccadilly, and boasted the wonderful sagacity of a very large black cat in his possession. His placards were always headed *WONDERS!*

† The mania for rubbish of this sort has been carried to such a pitch, that five pounds have been given at a sale for an old play-bill! Antiquity adding such value to useless things! One of these Dilettantis, it is said, has expended considerable sums in the purchase of a regular series of turnpike-tickets! and another, in collecting old ballads, which he has had pasted down in alphabetical and chronological order!\*

‡ "Fleas are *not* lobsters, damn their souls." See Pindar's account of Sir Joseph Banks' endeavour to ascertain this important matter.

§ "Our manner of hunting," says Chesterfield, "is only suitable to boobies and bumpkins; the poor beasts are pursued, and run down by much greater beasts than themselves. The true British foxhunter is, most undoubtedly, a species appropriated and peculiar to this country, which no other part of the globe produces."

\* The Duke of Devonshire has given 200 guineas for a copy of the first edition of "*Hamlet*."—*Spirit of the Journals*, year 1825, p. 377.—Does not this remind one of Lord Rochester's rhyming wager, of a fool and his money, &c.?

A noble lord now mounts the coachman's box,  
 " Hayt, hayt!" he cries, and on the foot-board knocks :  
 A *Belcher* round his neck, a *kiddy* smile,  
 Ten capes, topp'd boots, squirts through his teeth in  
 style: 1820

Handles the ribands in a natty way ;  
 Proud the stage-coachman's science to display :  
 Upon the road picks all the common slang up,  
 Which he retails among his " Club of BANG-UP."  
 A jockey, groom-taught, knowing set of lords,  
 To whom stage-fighting, *noble* sport affords ;  
 An *upper-order*, high-bred, titled race,  
 Who think such *blackguardism* no disgrace.—  
 A bull-bait next delights,\* or Cock-lane ghost,†  
 The last found folly always pleasing most.‡ 1830

\* The amusements of the *Yahoo* a century back (before the intellect began marching), correspond very much with the lion, dog, and stage-fighting of the present *enlightened* time. A placard in the time of *Brandy Nan*, announcing bull and bear baiting at Hockley in the Hole, concludes in the following words: " And a great mad bull will be turned loose in the yard with fireworks all over him, and two or three cats tied to his tail.—*Regina vivat.*"

† The poor soft cockneys, as well as the *higher orders*, were dreadfully terrified with this hobgoblin for several weeks. The consternation became general; and the great *romposo*, who was an advocate for every kind of superstitious mummary, gave it full credence. It was also countenanced (no wonder) by all the reverends, and many of the nobility.—See *Walpole's Correspondence*, vol. ii. 333.

‡ " Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,  
 That finds out every crevice of the head,  
 That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs  
 Wrought this disturbance."—*Cowper*.

A *monkey-mermaid* now he runs to view !\*  
 A *living skeleton's* the next thing new.  
 Now brother Block comes in with news ! Eh, what ?  
 Why, there's a charming Venus-Hottentot !  
 Pleas'd he starts off, and stares with vacant face,  
 Then hurries down to join Newmarket Race.  
 With black-legs there, of sweepstakes he converses,  
 And bets, to show his knowledge of race-horses.  
 "I'll take your bet, my lord, of three to one ;  
 I lay on Slammerkin :—" tis done and done. 1840  
 Dup'd of his money home he steers again,  
 And to the Cock-pit hastes to see the *main*.†  
 Next night to Drury-lane perhaps he flies,  
 And praises Master Betty to the skies :  
 " Oh, what a genius !" He's in rapture lost !  
 To-morrow he's a dolt—a p——g post.‡

\* This humbug served the cockney *Yahoos* for *pro.* and *con.* several months, and even occasioned a law-suit, being claimed by two owners. It was subsequently discovered to be a composition. A stuffed monkey's skin, to which was attached the tail of a dried fish.

† This infernal bloodhound sport is encouraged by *Yahoos*, calling themselves *Gentlemen* (Corinthian capitals of polished society). The following advertisement was inserted in the *Morning Post* not long since :—"COCKING—To be fought at the *Royal Cock-pit*, on Monday next, and *all* the week, a great subscription match ; begins fighting at half-past six. Dinner on table at Four. On Friday morning in the same week, will be fought a Welsh *main* \* for £50." Oh ! heaven-born Yahoo ! Christian and church-goer ! no wonder you are compared to *angels* in your *actions* !

‡ The "spread of intellect" was never more conspicuous than at

\* This consists in setting twenty or thirty of these poor birds to fight altogether, armed with steel spurs—what a picture of hell and demons ! Do their canting parsons ever reprimand these monsters for their cruelty ? No—they are *gentlemen*, and not to be sent to the devil for amusing themselves.

But most of all, the YAHOO's chief delight  
 Is guzzle, whether morning, noon, or night.  
*That* seems their "summum bonum," old or young;  
 And is their morning, noon, and evening song. 1850  
 To *that* they fly, to save them from dull thinking,  
 And such their weakness, that they're proud of  
 drinking.\*

this period. Master Betty's celebrity was wonderful, and the desire to see him perform on the stage so great, that not a place could be procured for the first six nights. The whole town flocked to the theatre to see a parrot-taught boy make love to a woman three or four times his age, big enough to devour him, and who was looking down at him like the cow to Tommy Thumb. The young Roscius, as he was called, was paid for this mummary 50*l.* per night!! O John Bull, Gobemouche, Jack-ass-bull!—ONLY 50*l.* per night! Surely thy brains should be sent to the scowerer, for wofully they need it.—John Kemble, we are told, was engaged for near 40*l.* per week at the same time! A pretty moderate sum for ranting and bellowing out a few fustian tragedy sentences, larded with ah's and oh's,\* about kings and queens, and such like china-ware.—See *Reynolds' Memoirs*.

\* "The principle of vanity," says Chesterfield, "is so strong in human nature that it descends even to the lowest objects. A man will boast, perhaps swear, that he has drank six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting: out of charity I will believe him a liar, for if I do not I must think him a beast.† But there are thousands of popular ballads encouraging this depravity; such as "I guzzle each night till I'm carried up stairs"—"He that goes to bed sober," &c. &c.; or, as Colman observes—

"That there are swilling wights in London town,  
 Term'd jolly dogs—choice spirits, (alias) swine,  
 Who pour, in midnight revels, bumpers down,  
 Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine."—*Broad Grins*.

\* "Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow,  
 At tragic ah! and no less tragic oh!"—*Churchill*.

† His lordship is out here, and forgot the old proverb—"He that drinks least, drinks most like a beast."



For tho' their reason is so much their boast,  
 Their happiest time is when their reason's lost.  
 This precious gift the better to display,  
 They turn the day to night, the night to day.  
 Witness their midnight Bacchanalian shouts,  
 And vile, disgusting, swinish, drunken bouts!  
 Like polecats, stinking with tobacco smoke;  
 With guzzle drench'd, then comes the song and joke.  
 Then comes the "tol de rol," and "hey down derry,"  
 With "push about the glass, and let's be merry."  
 You'll see a score of "reason's lords" together,  
 Smoking the "devil's weed"\* in sultry weather!  
 Stark blind to Chesterfield, and all his *graces*,†  
 They puff out clouds in one another's faces:  
 Each adding to the vile, infernal smother,  
 As if they meant to stifle one another!  
 If sulphur was but added to the smell,  
 It justly might be called a little *hell*.‡

1870

\*. So called by King James, the first crowned lubber who was dubbed *sacred*.

† "Remember the *graces*, for without *them* "ogni fatica e vana."  
 Adieu! "Les *graces*, les *graces*."—*Chesterfield's Letters*.

‡ "Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining-chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco-smokers, that after their death were opened."—*K. James Counter-blast to Tobacco*.

"What a vast traffic is drove, what a variety of labour is performed in the world, to the maintenance of thousands of families, that altogether depend on two silly, if not odious customs—the taking of snuff, and smoking of tobacco; both of which, it is certain, do infinitely

Oh, Jammie, Jammie! what would'st thou have said,  
 If thou had'st seen a *hell* like this display'd !  
 Thy hair, no doubt, would, at the horrid sight,  
 Have push'd thy cap off, and stood bolt upright !  
 Tho' for a Solomon thou once didst pass,  
 Thy proper title should be Royal Ass.  
 To write and rail against the devil's weed,  
 Proves thee an Ass in grain, of long-ear'd breed.  
 Could'st thou not guess that when thy subjects smoked,  
 Unless supplied with swill, they'd soon be choked ?  
 And that a pretty tax upon malt liquor,  
 Would bring some millions into thy exchequer !\*

more hurt than good to those who are addicted to them."—*Mandeville's Search into Society.*

" Pass where we may, thro' city or thro' town,  
 Village or hamlet of this merry land,  
 Tho' lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace  
 Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff  
 Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes  
 That law has licens'd, as makes temp'rance reel.  
 There sit involv'd, and lost in curling clouds  
 Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,  
 The lackey and the groom : the craftsman there  
 Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil ;  
 Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,  
 And he that kneads the dough ; all loud alike,  
 All learned, and all drunk."—*Cowper.*

\* " The sums produced to the revenue by taxes upon the swill of the Yahoo surpass belief: with the additional one on tobacco, which appertains as a stimulus to drunkenness, the amount is from ten to twelve millions per annum ! No wonder so many sot's holes are found in every direction.

" The excise is fattened with the rich result  
 Of all this riot, and ten thousand casks

And millions all must own are charming things,  
To swell the pockets of poor needy kings.

Nor should the YAHOO's gambling be forgot,  
The sure resource of ev'ry knave and sot.  
Thousands of males and females spend the night,  
In shuffling packs of cards—their dear delight !  
All sorts, all classes, are engaged in play,  
And so deprav'd, they shun the light of day. 1890  
'Tis now a master vice, and thrives so well,  
That every house is, more or less, a *hell*.  
Not for *low* gaming, they scorn *petit jeu*,  
'Tmust be *piquante*, or else it will not do.  
Hence Crockford's dashing palaces arise,  
To lure rich fools, and dazzle green-horn's eyes ;  
Where gudgeons are urged on to make a *dash*,  
By sharks, who diddle 'em, and get their cash.

Yes, these are “ reason's lords,” the strutting race,  
Who boast their *form divine*, and *heav'nly* grace ! 1900  
Their faculties perverted, prove their curse,\*  
And what was bad before, they make still worse.

For ever dribbling out their base contents,  
Touched by the Midas finger of the state,  
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.”—*Cowper*.

\* “ But when a creature, pretending to reason,” my master said,  
“ could be guilty of such enormities, he dreaded lest the cor-  
ruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He  
seemed therefore confident, that instead of reason, we were only

To make their own affliction more secure,  
 Establish laws of Primogeniture ;  
 By which my lord brings up *one* cub in state,  
 And leaves the rest to curse their ragged fate.  
 Then, lest Old Nick should envy their condition,  
 Add to their other curses Superstition !\*  
 The first deprives them of their daily bread ;  
 The latter damns them after they are dead.† 1910  
 Not all the plagues Pandora's box let out,  
 Which ever since to curse us swarm about ;

possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices ; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only *larger*, but more *distorted*."—*Swift*.

\* "La superstition," says Helvetius, "est une source empoisonée, d'où sont sortis tous les malheurs, et les calamités de la terre."

† "The heavy curses of primogeniture and superstition stick to the poor YAHOO like a pitch plaister, and keep his snout to the grindstone to the end of his existence. By the former he is kept, from the extreme inequality of property it occasions, in a state of servitude approaching to slavery and starvation ; and by the latter (called religion) rendered an idiot, fed upon moonshine, and cajoled out of the good things in this world, upon an assurance of receiving an hundred fold in another, from a juggling tribe of impostors, who know no more of another world than the beagles they tally-ho with, or the fox they so heroically gallop after, and whose motto ought to be that on the sun-dial—"ignoro quod doceo." The YAHOO, however, in return, is rewarded with the prosing of a "jack in a box," about the wonderful dispensation and goodness of Providence, and gratified with the sight of the royal trumpeter's gaudy-laced jackets,\* with which he ought to be satisfied ; and say as he does over his mutton, "the Lord make us truly thankful."

\* Mr. Hume spoke of this absurdity in the *Collective*, but was not attended to. When will common sense govern the actions of the Yahoo? Never, while the *holy* book is his *Vade-mecum*, and he regards every thing through the parson's spectacles.



Are half so bad as what these purblind elves,  
These "lords of reason," bring upon themselves.\*

Some say the Fates, indeed, like ill-spun toads,  
Send us all plagues and troubles by cart-loads.†  
That *block* or *hammer* we are doomed to be ;  
*Thump*, or be *thump'd* 's our wretched destiny :  
Predestin'd all to good, or else to evil ;  
One to Jehovah, fifty to the devil.‡ 1920

What then are YAHOOs thus compell'd to be,  
The instruments of their own misery ?§  
Oh, no ! pride, envy, av'rice, and ambition,  
Have brought "God's image" to this sad condition.  
Greedy as death, the universal cry,  
Is *gold*, more *gold*, incessant till they die :  
And could they utter words when laid in dust,  
*More gold*, their livid lips would utter first.

\* "Moral evils are of your own making, and, undoubtedly, the greater part of them may be prevented."—*Southey's Colloquies*.

"I am convinced," says Lord Byron, "that men do more harm to themselves, than ever the devil could do to them."

"and feeble sufferers groan,  
With brain-born dreams of evil, all their own."

† "And whatsoever we perpetrate,  
We do but *row*, we're *steer'd* by FATE."—*Hudibras*.

‡ "Multi sunt vocati, pauci vero electi."

§ "Why charge mankind on heaven their own offence,  
And call their woes the crimes of Providence ?  
Blind : who themselves their miseries create,  
And perish by their *folly*, not their *fate*."—*Dodsley*.

Drain Mexico of gold, bring all Peru ;  
 Insatiate still, they howl for Timbuctoo. 1930  
 Gold is the god the YAHOOs all adore !\*  
 There's no one criminal unless he's poor.  
 Should Christ himself but visit this proud town,  
 And ride his ass in Bond-street up and down,  
 The present, though a Bible-reading race,  
 Would shun him, or else giggle in his face :†  
 While one, perchance, among the puppy crowd,  
 To gratify the rest, might bawl aloud,  
 (When he had *twigg'd* him thro' his quizzing glass)  
 " God damme, Jack, here's Sancho on his ass ! 1940  
 Zounds, what a quiz !" —The belles, too, in a fright,  
 Would tumble into fits at such a sight.  
 For pelf they scramble, gold's the grand pursuit,  
 For gold they'll ransack earth, and hell to boot ;‡

\* " Et l'or conduisant à tout, l'on a fait tout pour obtenir l'or ;  
 pour l'or l'ami a trahi son ami ; l'enfant son pere ; le serviteur son  
 maître ; la femme son honneur ; le marchand sa conscience ; et il n'y  
 a plus eu dans l'état ni bonne foi, ni mœurs, ni concorde, ni force."  
 —*Volney*.

† " They're now so proud, that should they meet  
 The twelve apostles in the street,  
 They'd turn their nose up at them all,  
 And shove their Saviour from the wall." —*Churchill*.

‡ " Hear London's voice—' Gef money, money still,  
 And then let Virtue follow if she will :'  
 Still, still be getting, never, never, rest." —*Pope*.

" Quiconque est riche est tout ; sans sagesse il est sage ;  
 Il a, sans rien savoir, la science en partage.  
 Il a l'esprit, le cœur, le mérite, le rang,  
 La vertu, la valeur, la dignité, le sang.

Whatever's the pretext, that's still the aim ;  
 The gen'ral cry is "*chacun pour soi-même.*"  
 All pull and haul, and kick, and cuff, and grapple,  
 The worst hog always getting the best apple.\*

See Sir James Grubb, absorb'd in deep laid schemes,  
 Gold haunts his thoughts all day, all night his dreams.  
 Possess'd of half a million, still he's poor,  
 And saves a penny to increase his store:†  
 Give him the hide and tallow for his pains,  
 He'll whip a louse a mile, and boast his gains.  
 In thrifty maxims he displays his wit,  
 "Get what you can, and hold fast what you get."  
 He'll tell you with an oily canting tongue,  
 "Man wants but little here, and that not long:"‡

Il est aimé des grands, il est chéri des belles ;  
 Jamais Sur-Intendant ne trouva de cruelles.  
 L'or même à la laideur donne un teint de beauté :  
 Mais tout devient affreux avec la pauvreté."—*Boileau.*

\* "Al piu triste porco vien la meglior pera," seems a universal proverb.

† "Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in St. George's coffee-house, and paying two-pence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very lame and infirm), and went home: a short time after he returned to the same coffee-house, on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about 40,000*l.* per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir."—*Dr. King's Anecdotes.*

Montaigne observes, "De vray c'est ne pas le disette, c'est plutot l'abondance qui produit l'avarice."

‡ The whine of every discontented growling YAHOO, although his factitious wants are gratified every hour in the day; and who requires the two extremes of the globe to be ransacked before he can sit down to his breakfast.

Tho', from his eager griping, it appears  
As if he thought to live a thousand years.

1960

Did Adam in his garden covet riches ?  
Why zounds ! he wasn't worth a pair of breeches !\*  
There were no "*chapeaux-bras*" for Mister Adam,  
Nor fringe, nor furbelow,† to deck his madam !  
They never dream'd of concerts, balls, or routs,  
But wrapp'd their bottoms up in fig-leav'd clouts ;‡  
'Till great Jehovah made them skin surtouts,§  
That they might look more like their fellow brutes.

\* " Time was, when clothing, sumptuous, or for use,  
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.  
As yet black breeches were not ; satin smooth,  
Or velvet soft, or plush, with shaggy pile."—*Cowper*.

† According to the old catch, however, the lady was provided with  
this ornament—

" Adam catch'd Eve by the fur-below ;  
And that's the oldest catch I know."

It does not seem probable, every thing considered, that *Mister Adam* would have spun out his existence to a much longer period (930 years!) if the *wicked one* had not seduced his rib, nor he have munched the *peepin*, at least if we give credence to the Italian proverb—

" Herba cruda, Donna ignuda,  
E dormir a piano terra,  
Manda l'uomo sotto terra."

And what else could he boast of in his blessed state.

‡ In an English Bible (1615) are the following words : " And they sewed fig-tree leaves together, and made themselves *breeches*."—Genesis iii. See *Hudibras*, vol. i. p. 57.

§ " Unto Adam and his *wife*, (did they jump over a broomstick ?) did the Lord God make coats of skins, (what skins ?) and clothed them."—Genesis iii. Pretty devils, no doubt, they must have appeared in their bear-skin wrap-rascals ! How comes it this precious



But what's this scramble for ? what object's gain'd ?  
 Is real happiness thereby attain'd ? 1970  
 A million may be gain'd by Negro gangs,  
 Who groan beneath church-going Christians' fangs,  
 Yet bring with it remorse, tho' juggling priests  
 Say Negroes unbaptized are only beasts ;  
 And pious rum-and-sugar-dealing knaves,  
 Prove from their Bible, *Niggers* should be slaves ;\*  
 Since Moses says, that Noah (an old Jew)  
 Got fuddled now and then (as Christians do),  
 And in that state was by his son discover'd,  
 Laying pig fashion,† with his . . . uncover'd ;‡ 1980  
 Who, grinning like an unlick'd cub, exclaim'd,  
 " Oh, fie, papa ! you ought to be asham'd !

pair of originals are never represented in our paintings drest in these super-eminently beautiful jackets, which they must have undoubtedly been, having been *cut out* by the great Jehovah himself, to whom the *great Stultz* cannot be supposed worthy of holding a candle ? And is it not greatly to be regretted that the patterns of such magnificent dresses have not been preserved (as the dimensions and particulars of Noah's ark have), for the benefit of the west-end puppies and their dolls ; as they then might have swaggered and strutted "*comme il faut*," and *rumped* the rabble with a good grace.

\* " Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction Christian slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had but little to say in reply. And was Christ crucified that black men might be scourged ? If so, he had better been born a Mulatto, to give both colours an equal chance of freedom, or at least of salvation."—*Lord Byron*.

† "The pigs they lay with their . . . bare."—*Old Ballad*.

‡ "And he (Noah) drank of the wine and was drunken, and he was uncovered within his tent. And Ham, the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of his father."—*Genesis ix*.

You tippie, and get *pogey* with your wine,  
 And then lie naked, sprawling like a swine."  
 But *Mister Ham's* joke with his *Pa*—, alas !  
 A *black-joke* prov'd, for lo ! "it came to pass !"  
 That for this graceless prank his generation,  
 By black skins should betray their degradation : \*  
 Since when, the woolly-headed, flat-nosed race,  
 Have been with white-skinned *Yahoos* in disgrace ; †  
 Who, tho' they flog them, save their precious souls  
 By baptism, or they'd go to hell in shoals. ‡

But let's suppose that *Squire Rumpuncheon* comes  
 From *Negro-driving* with a brace of *plums* ;  
 The ill-got wealth but seldom brings content ;  
 For ostentation it is chiefly meant.  
 His pride, parade, and pomp, and puff, and swell,  
 And vice and folly, how it's squander'd tell.  
 Profusion comes with glitter, show, and glare,  
 And colour'd lamps, to make the rabble stare ;      2000

\* "And Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his younger son had done unto him." (What had he done?) "And he said, cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."—*Genesis ix.\**

† "He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
 Not colour'd like his own, and having pow'r  
 T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,  
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey."—*Cowper.*

‡ "Happy, thrice happy *now* the savage race,  
 Since Europe takes their *gold*, and gives them *grace* !" *Churchill.*

\* True *Bible* justice ! the father in fault, and the children all cursed for it.

While ev'ry thing that's dear or ugly's bought,  
 And sphinxes, and sarcophaguses sought !\*  
 With costly toys the mansion soon abounds,  
 The lady's necklace costs ten thousand pounds !†  
 Baubles of all sorts cram each vacant space,  
 And dizen'd lackeys all bedaub'd with lace.  
 Then a grand rout ! what exquisite delight  
 To make a thund'ring thro' the square all night !

\* "Man's rich with little, were his judgment true,  
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few ;  
 Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights ;  
 But fools create themselves new appetites :  
 Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,  
 Which relish not to reason nor to sense."—*Young*.

"Hunger, thirst, and nakedness, are the first tyrants that force us to stir ; afterwards our pride and sloth, sensuality and fickleness, are the great patrons that promote all arts and sciences, trades and callings."—*Mandeville's Search into Society*.

† Who could suppose that such an enormous sum could ever be demanded for a string of baubles, to hang round the neck of a female YAHOO ! It is, however, certain that a necklace\* of that estimated value was purloined, a few years since, from the shop of Messrs. Rundle and Bridge, and a great reward offered for the recovery. Yet £10,000 at the present day seems nothing, since within the last week or two we have heard a trinket of the same sort, belonging to the Princess of Orange, was *filched* ("convey the wise it call") at Brussels, worth *only* £80,000 !! *Goramity* has blest the YAHOO with *wisdom* to some purpose.

\* Voltaire supposes the two hundred snippings, called foreskins, which *holy* David, like a gallant suitor, brought King Saul, were strung on a packthread, and intended for a necklace, for the fair Miss Michal, his daughter. The Lord's anointed (her daddy) had indeed only demanded *one* hundred as the price of the lady ; but Davy generously brings double the number required, unwilling she should be deficient in such precious nicknacks for the ornament of her person, or toilette—"Chaque pays à ses usages," says Voltaire. "On apporte aux Turcs des têtes, ou des oreilles ; on apporte aux scythes des crânes ; on apporte aux Iroquois des chevelures."—*La Bible*.

Three or four hundred fools, or mad folks rather,  
 To sip slop tea and ices squeeze together ; 2010  
 Who at the door make such a horrid din,  
 As if all Bedlam wanted to get in !\*  
 Now crowding, pushing, treading on a corn ;  
 And shawls, and scarfs, and gauze, and muslin's torn :  
 While screw'd-up dolls and dandies, daub'd with paint,  
 Have all their laces cut, or else they faint.†  
 And then what pleasure next day to peruse,  
 A puff'd-up, paid for statement in the News !

\* It is part of the etiquette at these moon-stricken assemblages to make as much noise as possible with the knocker at the street door, which is rattled with all the fury of a frenzied lunatic for about half a minute upon the arrival of every carriage ; and if three or four parties arrive at the same time, they are let in separately, the door shut, and the horrible thundering at the knocker repeated by each, by which the uproarious din is continued for hours together, to the great delight of the neighbours, who are all tarred with the same stick, and highly amused with this "hell-broke-loose" racket. To heighten the absurdity, the rout-givers send their empty carriages round the next morning, with a footman, and cards of compliments, and inquiry after the welfare of the parties who honoured their "little St. Luke's" the preceding evening ! Oh ! what happiness to exist in such a *truly* enlightened age !—See *Don Juan*, canto xi. stanza 67.

† The lacing-up these be-whiskered, cigar-smoking puppies, is a modern refinement in dress, supposed to contribute to the *elegance* of the YANHOO's shape, (pretty dears !) and is an indubitable proof of the so much boasted "march of intellect." That *she*-dolls, who are milliner, or priest-governed from the cradle to the coffin, should give way to such silliness is not to be wondered at ; but for great long-legged, brawny-backed lubbers to affect such molly-coddle, contemptible effeminacy, is most disgraceful !

"Fops at all corners, lady-like in mien,  
 Civetted puppies, smelt ere they are seen."—*Trocinium*.



“ Lady Rumpunccheon’s rout, and grand display,\*  
 Of all the rank and fashion of the day, 2020  
 With all the delicacies of the season”  
 (The puffer knows what sort of cant is pleasing).†  
*Voila* high life ! the ton, among the great !  
 The folks possessing *plums*, who live in state !  
 What “ march of mind !” for an enlighten’d nation !  
 What cagmag stuff for “ lords of the creation !”‡  
 By royalty and high-born blockheads bred,§  
 (When a fish stinks, ’tis first about the head,) 2030  
 Descending then to cits and plebs it goes,  
 And over all the tide of folly flows,||  
 Reaching at last the “ multitude of swine,”  
 Who in *their* turn have Routs ! and stink and shine.¶

\* “ This lady glories in profuse expense,  
 And thinks *distraction* is magnificence.”—*Young*.

† See this contemptible sort of puffing happily ridiculed in a burlesque exposé of a Blowbladder-street rout in *Bulliana*.

‡ “ But, the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array’d ;  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
 And ev’n while fashion’s brightest arts decoy,  
 The heart distrusting, asks if this be joy ?”—*Goldsmith*.

§ See *Don Juan*, canto x. stanza 85. “ Oh, Mrs. Fry.”

|| “ But lo ! the fatal victor of mankind,  
 Swoln *luxury* !—pale ruin stalks behind !”

*Essay on Satire.*

¶ “ Increase of pow’r begets increase of wealth ;  
 Wealth luxury, and luxury excess ;  
 Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague,  
 That seizes first the opulent, descends

Such is the blessed Christian YAHOO race,  
 Who, whitewash'd in *lamb's* blood, abound in grace :  
 Such is the saint-like crew, who talk of heav'n,  
 Tho' all infected with the devil's leav'n.  
 A gospel-poring, canting tribe, who boast  
 Of fellowship (God bless us) with a ghost !\*  
 A sacramental, pure, crawl-thumping herd,  
 All saved by faith, thro' "Jesus Christ, their Lord :"  
 Who lie, and trick, and cozen all the week,†  
 And on the Lord's-day go the Lord to seek

To the next rank contagious, and in time  
 Taints downward all the graduated scale  
 Of order from the chariot to the plough."—*Cowper*.

\* "And the *fellowship* of the Holy Ghost be with you all evermore."—*Liturgy*.

† "Two gods divide them all—pleasure and gain :  
 For these they live. Lust in their hearts  
 And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth  
 To prey upon each other."—*Cowper*.

"It is not long since one of the petty African kings said, 'he would send his son to England, to learn to read book, and be great rogue.' This Negro had formed no incorrect opinion of the civilization which he had seen, and of the *education* which is given in the *school of trade*."—*Southey's Colloquies*.

"When you have seen a little of the world," says Sir Walter Scott, "you will then be no stranger to the policy of life, which deals in mining and counter-mining." The *real* opinion the *Yahoos* entertain of each other, is pretty evidently shown by their always requiring *stamped* receipts in their respective payments. Why demand *legal* binding while they have such high opinions of each other's integrity and principles ? Is not this an indubitable proof, notwithstanding the BLARNEY they so liberally bestow on one another, that they cannot be trusted ? Swift says in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, "you should think every man a rogue, but not tell him so."

At church, and tell him in a whining tone,  
 That they have *done things* they should *not* have done.\*  
 (All which he knew before, but that's no matter,  
 He's pester'd weekly with their pious *patter*,)†  
 Inform him, in their silly, gabbling way,  
 That they have, like "lost muttons, gone astray."  
 "Muttons!" Jehovah cries when this he hears,  
 "Od rabbit'em, they're asses, wolves, and bears." 2050  
 Invoke the *Lamb*, "*that* takes away their sins,"‡  
 Beg for dry bread, but long for greasy chins,  
 As if the Lord had nothing else to do  
 But bake them bread!—they'll ask him next to brew!  
 And add by way of *rider* to their pray'r,  
 "That he will please to send them better fare."§  
 Told by the parson whatsoe'er they want,  
 If ask'd devoutly for, the Lord will grant.||

\* The *doing* of *things*, and leaving of *things undone*, forms part of the so much admired Liturgy, which is held up (by the craft) as the finest and most sublime composition that was ever given to a benighted world for the edification of *intelligent Yahoos*.

† One should suppose the great Jehovah, every Sunday morning, when he awoke, and recollected the day, would call to Gabriel to keep the doors and shutters close, that he might not be bored with the horrible din of the Christian *Yahoos*, about the Carpenter's son and the Ghost. Or say, as Quin used to his man, in very gloomy mornings, "call me to-morrow, John."

‡ "Oh, Lamb of God! *that* takest away the sins of the world."—*Liturgy*.

§ A little boy, who scarcely ever tasted any thing but dry bread and potatoes, repeating his prayers one day, said, "Mammy, may'nt I ask *Godamighty* for a little bit of cheese to day?"

|| "And dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt grant their requests." Why then 'do these

And thus encourag'd, such bold-fac'd humgruffins  
 May next beg tea, and toast, and butter'd muffins !  
 Or (heedless of the great Jehovah's trouble),  
 Request some day a dish of *squeak and bubble* !

Oh great Jehovah ! how art thou beset,  
 Do not these YAHOOs put thee in a sweat ?  
 No wonder thou should'st grieve for having made 'em,\*  
 They've plagu'd thee ever since the days of Adam.  
 Tho' in a horsepond thou hast sous'd one litter,  
 The present brood seem very little better.  
 Could'st thou not from thy Prescience see at first,  
 They'd turn out rubbish, being made of dust ?† 2070  
 Provok'd to wrath, how often hast thou swore  
 That they should never enter thy street-door.  
 When did they ever heed thy oaths or threats ?  
 Not even while they were thy darling pets :§  
 And shouldst thou send down stairs again a Ghost,  
 With CHIP to mend 'em, 'twould be labour lost.

gulls flock in such crowds to their slop-shops, and at such an expense and loss of time, when they could have whatever they wished for by a little gossiping assemblage, in the name of the Lord, at home ?

\* "And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart."—Genesis vi.

† "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground."—Genesis ii.

‡ "Unto whom I swear in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest."—Psalm xcv.

§ "The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth."—Deut. vii,



Their actions show that NICK's their sovereign Lord ;  
 They neither mind thee, nor thy holy word.  
 Hadst thou not twice the patience of poor Job,  
 Thou'dst doff thy golden crown and day-light robe,\*  
 Slip on thy thick-soled shoes, and come and kick 'em,  
 Or send the Angel Gaby down to *lick* 'em ;  
 A good sound drubbing for such mumping scrubs,  
 Might chance to cure 'em of the mulligrubs.  
 But if they should not mend by kicks and thumps,  
 Clap Lord Monboddo's tails upon their rumps,†  
 They'd then be (tails would so improve the breed)  
 The "paragon of animals," indeed.—  
 Such strutting, puff'd-up, self-conceited buzzards,  
 Fasting, or full, still grumbling in their gizzards ; 2090  
 Such squabby, tadpole, gut-and-garbage creatures !  
 Some (tho' all boast their angel form and features !)  
 With such rotundity of paunch and bottom,  
 They'll make the devil jack-weights, when he's got 'em :‡  
 With precious souls, tag, rag, and bobtail, cramm'd ;  
 Exulting at the risk of being damn'd !§

\* " With light as a robe,  
 Thou hast thyself clad."—Psalm civ.

† Lord Monboddo supposed the human race were originally furnished with tails, which have been worn away by their sitting so much upon them.

‡ Would not the massive members of the church (as Lord Byron styles them), as well as Alderman Paunch, Lord Gundygut, Lady Foulfirkin, and some others of high degree, answer very well for this purpose, and turn the Devil's roast-meat-spits round merrily if they were tied neck and heels together ?

§ " So excessive is human vanity," says Lord Bolingbroke, " that

Such bloated buffos, boasting immortality,  
 Without an atom's weight of rationality.  
 Search thro' the universe you'll never trace  
 A more ridiculous or vicious race. 2100  
 Whatever other planets may possess  
 Of living animals we're left to guess ;  
 But none in fifty worlds you'd ever find,  
 Who were to vice and folly more inclin'd.\*  
 And if to Paradise the YAHOOs go,  
 And I were ask'd to enter, I'd cry No :  
 Like the poor Negro, who when tortur'd said,†  
 " Massa, you go to ebben wen you dead ?"

although it is admitted that nine out of ten are damned, yet immortality is the boast, and the risk of hell-fire disregarded."

\* ————" where to rampart vigour grown,  
 Vice choaks up ev'ry virtue, where, self-sown,  
 The seeds of folly shoot forth rank and bold,  
 And ev'ry seed brings forth a hundred-fold."—*Churchill*.

Qu'on pénètre donc au travers de nos frivoles demonstrations de bienveillance, ce qui se passe au fond des cœurs, et qu'on réfléchisse à ce qui doit être un état de choses où tous les hommes sont forces de se caresser, et de se détruire mutuellement, et où ils naissent ennemis par devoir et fourbes par intérêt.—L'homme fait sa cour aux grands qu'il hait, et aux riches qu'il méprise; il n'épargne rien pour obtenir l'honneur de les servir; il se vante orgueilleusement de sa bassesse et de leur protection; et fier de son esclavage il parle avec dédain de ceux qui n'ont pas l'honneur de le partager."—*Rousseau*.

† The tortures inflicted on these poor creatures, as well as on the Caribs and Maroons, the Aborigines of the West India Islands, exceed all credibility, and chill the blood by a recital: but Christians, with a Bible in their hands, are self-justified in the commission of the most horrible barbarities; they are serving the Lord by smiting the heathens, which covers and authorizes every species of wickedness and cruelty, and stifles every feeling of humanity. Smollett, speaking

“ Yes, you black dog, I shall.”—“ Oh, very well,”  
 Poor Sambo cries, “ den me go lib in hell.”\* 2110

## CONCLUSION.

Now who to patients in this curst condition,  
 Would ever be adviser or physician ?  
 In their derang’d, *obnoodle*-headed state,†  
 Try but to cure them—your reward’s their hate.‡

of an insurrection of the Negro slaves in Jamaica, in the year 1760, says, “ after they were subdued, they were put to death by a variety of tortures. Some were hanged, some beheaded, some burned, and some fixed alive upon gibbets. One of these last lived eight days and eighteen hours, suspended under a vertical sun, without being refreshed by one drop of water, or receiving any manner of sustenance ! Numbers of the poor creatures escaped to the mountains and woods, and killed themselves in despair.”—*History of England*, vol. v. p. 160. Oh blessed and holy Christian slave-drivers ! well are ye entitled to a place in Abraham’s bosom ! “ Preachee and floggee,” that’s your sort. There’s a Christian parson always ready to absolve ye : nothing’s required but FAITH in your BLESSED REDEEMER.

\* “ In vain you talk to them of shades below,  
 They fear no hell but where the Christians go.”—*De Foe*.

† *Obnoodle-headed !* Impossible ! What ! so wise a race as the Yahoos ! who were 2000 years in finding out the right way to turn the handle of a spoon. It should be *obnubilated*, no doubt—the Rhinoceros, as he was cognominated (to use his own expression) by Tom Davis, would, excepting when he wished to express himself in *curt*,\* have adopted *obnubilated*, *offuscated*, *obumbrated*, or some long-tailed *sesquipedale*, to denote stupidity. The great doctor’s

\* The doctor’s own slang.

Like pigs that in a dirty puddle lie,  
 They take delight to wallow in their sty ;  
 And he who tries to pull them out will get,  
 As Æsop's gard'ner did, his fingers bit.\*  
 Religion's frenzy has, 'tis very plain,  
 Contaminated every YAHOO's brain.†  
 Are Chesterfield's incurables‡ now mended ?  
 Oh no ! his hospital is much extended.

2120

bombast was never more happily ridiculed than by Peter Pindar, who says he gives

“ A pyramid's importance to a pin ;  
 On ev'ry theme alike his pompous art,  
 The gen'ral conflagration—or a . . . .”—*Benev. Epistle.*

\* “ Now he's a fool who ever thinks  
 Of meddling with an ass :  
 The more you stir, the more it stinks,  
 In every dirty case.”—*Tim Bobbin.*

“ Society,” says the Laureat, (before he smelt the sack,) “ may with great propriety be compared to an Ass, that kicks those who attempt to relieve it of its burden.”—*Letters from Spain.*

And to the same tune sings the *New Monthly Magazine.*

“ With priests rant and rave about sin,  
 With Nick's kitchen under-ground frighten ;  
 With mountebanks make the mob grin,  
 Do every thing but enlighten.  
 He that aims at enlightening only out doles  
 An ophthalmic drug to a nation of moles.”

† “ The history of Christians and of Christianity is altogether, and without exception, a history of madmen and lunacy.”—*Perry's Defence.*

‡ The “ Hospital of Incurables” was Lord Chesterfield's *classical* and appropriate denomination of the Corinthian capitals, alias the House of Lords.

“ If you knew what a hopeless and lethargic den of dullness and drawling our *hospital* is during a debate, and what a mass of cor-



The world is one huge Bedlam there's no doubt,  
 A few call'd *inside* patients—millions *out*.\*  
 Blackmore affirm'd that all mankind were mad,†  
 Some slightly so, some worse, some very bad.  
 And as in ev'ry class, and ev'ry station,  
 There's what *pig* Johnson‡ calls concatenation,  
 Connected by some circumstance or other,  
 There's no Mad Tom but soon he finds a brother. 21

Well—since the whole's a mass of half-craz'd thin  
 Lords, beggars, fools, pickpockets, priests, and kings  
 With non-descripts of all sorts, out of number,  
 We'll class them all together as live lumber,  
 And recommend it as the *wisest* thing,  
 That they should play the *fool*, and dance and sing;  
 And tho' with hell-fire threaten'd, if they frisk it,  
 Defy Black Jack, and all his imps, and risk it;

ruption in its patients, you would wonder not that I very seldom speak, but that I ever attempted it.”—*Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*.

\* “Our world,” says Lord Bolingbroke, “seems to be, in many respects, the Bedlam of every other system of intelligent creatures.” *Philosophical Essays*. Of which opinion is also Voltaire. “Le monde est un grand Bedlam ou des Fous enchainent d'autre Fous.” *Pot Pourri*.

Erasmus hardly excepts any. “Presque tous les hommes,” observes, “sont Fous : (a quoi ben ce *presque*? il n'y a pas un seul homme qui n'extravague de plus d'une maniere :) ils sont donc tous semblables en ce point la.”—*Erasme sur la Folie*.

† See Sir Richard Blackmore on the Spleen.

‡ “Why, I pray you, is not the pig, and the great, and the huge, one.”—*Fluellin*.

But if while they were capering and leaping,\*  
 The old grim rascal should by chance be peeping ; 2140  
 Provided with a good strong casting-net,  
 What a choice draught of YAHOOs he would get !  
 Exulting, no doubt, Blackey then would bawl,  
 " Odd zounds and blood ! but here's a glorious haul !  
 Except in war-time I but seldom catch  
 So many of these shabrags at a batch.  
 One might suppose that I had risen to day,  
 Like Madam Plump, a . . e upwards as they say.†

\* Messrs. Beelzebub and Co. are commissioned by the saints to lay violent hands on all the capering tribe whenever they can catch them. Saint Augustin, a saint of the first class, consigns all such wicked sinners over to the Old One, *sans ceremonie*. "The miserable dancer," exclaims the ranting Bedlamite, "knows not that as many paces as he maketh in dancing, so many *leaps* he maketh in hell." Another of these holy twaddlers, Jerom, a saint also of great renown, tells us that the "very touch of a woman is worse than the bite of a mad dog." And does not the great Saint of Saints, Paul, the head of the gang, and favourite spouter of the godly snufflers, tell us, that "it is good for a man not to touch a woman."—1 Corinth. vii. No wonder the petticoat tribes are all so priest-ridden, and dangle so after the parsons every where, to whom they always seem ready to lie down before they are asked even to sit. A ranting Evangelical, preaching upon the text "it is good for a man not to touch a woman," concluded by saying, "and now, my beloved, let me remind ye of the sin of incontinence, which will lead ye to destruction. Satan's most powerful arms are women ; do not damn yourselves for such silly things. Beware of the *bottomless* pit. Recollect the Apostle's advice, and touch not a woman.

'All flesh is grass ! 'tis very true, alas !

But then a woman's flesh is scurvy grass !"

† *Lady Answerall*.—"Well, she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock—she ris with her a . . e upwards.

*Miss Neverout*.—"Fie, madam ! what do you mean ?

*Lady Smart*.—"O, Miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves."—*Polite Conversation*.

Poor Yahoos! aye, aye, ye may well look glum,  
Your holy-water sprinkling's all a *hum*. 2150

No forty-parson pow'r can set you free,  
Your Lamb and Pigeon won't bamboozle me ;  
If you think fudge like that can save your bacon,  
You're Johnny-raws, and damnably mistaken ;  
To my den underground you all must go,  
And shake your trotters in the shades below ;\*  
Where since you're all to capering so inclined,  
Both choice and cheap you'll cat-gut scrapers find.

*Allons donc*, ragamuffins, scamper, trot,  
Perhaps you'll find my kitchen rather hot ; 2160  
But pluck up courage, you'll have neighbours' fare,  
You'll meet with millions of your *comroques* there :  
For tho' ye're pupp'd with an immortal soul,  
Nineteen in twenty come to my dark hole ;†

\* Since the Devil is allowed by Milton to crack his jokes when his cannon-balls are knocking the angels one over the other like nine-pins, he may fairly be permitted a little jocularly on the present occasion, when he has nabbed so many of the Yahoos by a "*coup-de-maitre*."

————— "down they fell  
By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd.  
————— Satan beheld their plight,  
And to his mates thus in derision call'd—  
Oh friends, why come not on these victors proud ?  
Ere while they fierce were coming—  
————— straight they changed their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance ; yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant and wild."—*Paradise Lost*.

† "Christians do virtually attribute to the devil an empire much more extensive than that of the Supreme Being. The latter with difficulty saves a few *elect*, while the former carries off, in spite of

Your *godlike* qualities, so much your boast,  
 Are "all my eye," when here ye come to roast.  
 Jehovah's made ye, any one may see,  
 Not for himself; oh no, ye're made for me."\*—

The sooty rascal then perhaps might take,  
 His passage home across the "level lake," 2170  
 And landing with his cargo safe and sound,  
 Shoot 'em all in his cellar, underground;  
 While all his Imps would come in troops and sing,  
 Long life to Beelzebub, their noble king!

him, the greater part of mankind, who listen to his destructive temptations rather than to the absolute commands of God."—*Christianity Unveiled*.

"Si dieu fait pour deux sous de bien," says le Compere, "le diable en fait pour quatre de mal. Dieu voudroit sauver tous les hommes hélas! Mais Satan lui en escamote au moins quatre-vingt dix-neuf sur cent. Le vilain animal a plus de pouvoir qu'on ne pense: il en a tant, qu'il a été la cause de la mort de son maitre même."—*Compere Matthieu*.

\* From the immense and countless numbers of *Yahoos'* souls (whatever they may be made of), that are daily and hourly arriving with passports for the devil's territories, he is certainly justified in making this assertion, and exulting over the poor lost muttons. The black gentleman, no doubt, reads the *holy* book sometimes, "pour s'amuser," and there finds his boundaries are to be enlarged,\* from which he must naturally draw the above inference, and look for his subjects twenty or thirty a-breast; and not "en file" through Sambo's "narrow *paff*," which he told his broder Niggers, "leadeff to ebberly moosic, and ebberly ting dem like."†

\* "Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure."—Isaiah v.

† See "Sambo's Sermon to his Broders."

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